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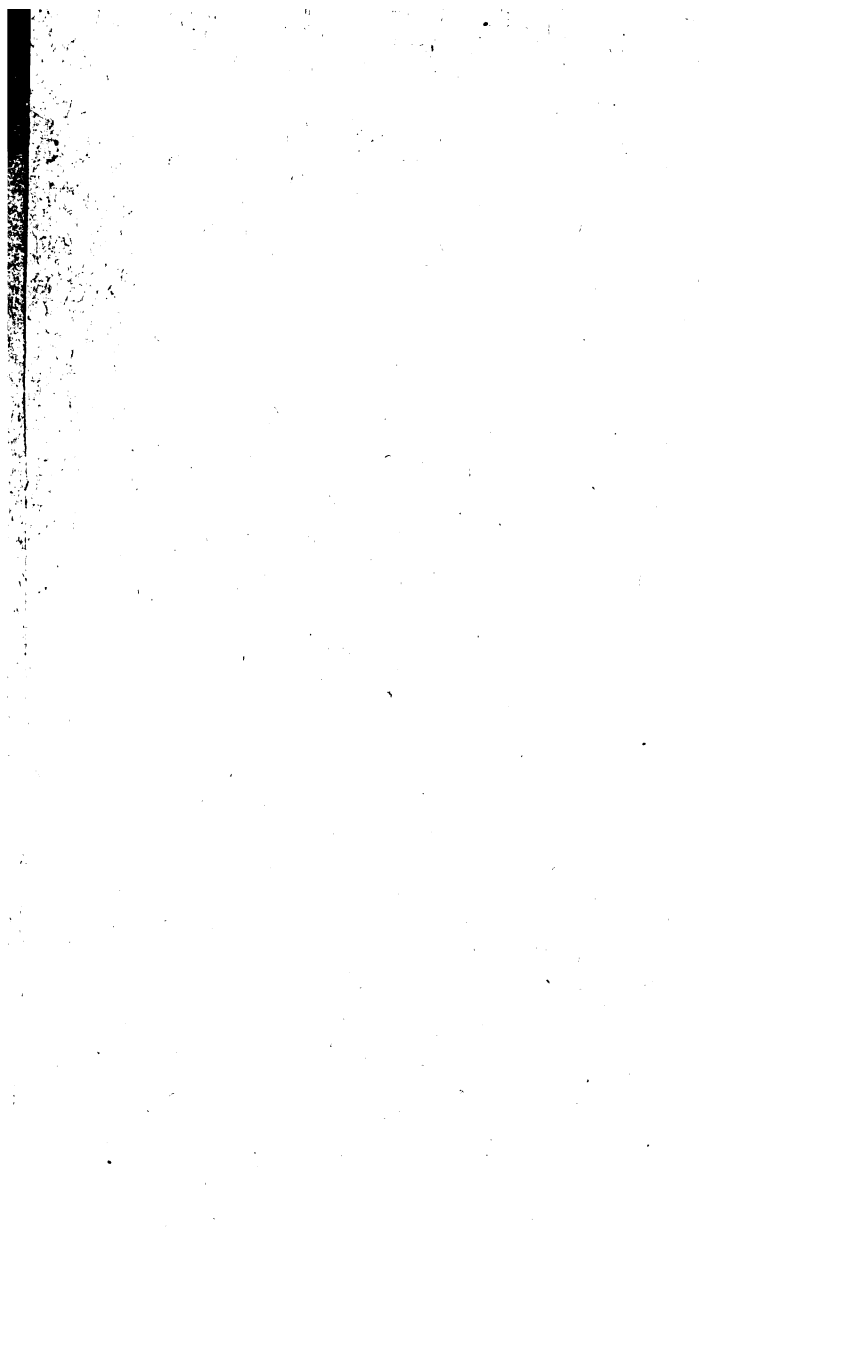
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a novel.... [by Henry Greenough]

[Author's edition]

Boston:  
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1858







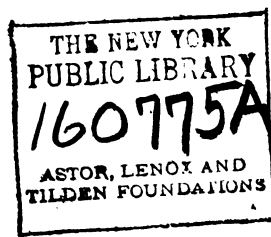


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## PREFACE.

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AN English work of fiction, with an American hero, may claim at least the attraction of novelty. During a long residence on the Continent, the Author derived great pleasure from the acquaintance of several American friends, many of whom were professional artists.

To them he is indebted for most of the conversation and anecdotes which form so large a portion of this volume. Their character naturally suggested the propriety of making the prominent person in the book an American Artist.

The Author was pained and surprised to hear it remarked by one of his friends, that it was a rare occurrence to meet with an English novel, without some sneer at Americans,



or ridicule of their habits, manners, and institutions. Subsequent observation has proved that the charge is too well founded.

Our writers, catering to national prejudices, are not content with speaking of everything English as the standard of perfection, but pervert facts, and paint with false colors all that relates to other countries.

The preceding English generation lived and died in the firm belief that the French were a vain, frivolous, fiddling and dancing people, at a time when they were doing more for science, philosophy, and art, than any other nation in Europe.

He has therefore thought it but fair to show his countrymen the light in which they are viewed by strangers on the Continent, and in America, and would submit to their sense of justice and decorum whether such animadversions upon our kinsmen are in good taste, or likely to promote that kindly feeling so desirable between two nations, allied by consanguinity and by common interests.

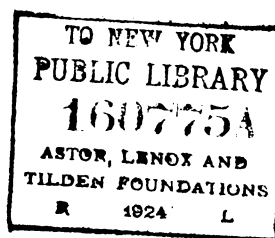
ATHENÆUM CLUB,  
London, July 1, 1858.

PART I.



VENICE.





ERNEST CARROLL,

OR

ARTIST-LIFE IN ITALY.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ART STUDENT IN VENICE.

THE reader is invited to accompany us on a visit to foreign lands. No fatigue of travel, no privations, hardships, or preparations for a long absence, are required; but, by a flight more rapid than that of the wonderful magic horse related by the fair Scheherezade, the journey is performed in a single instant, and, lo!—we are on the western waters of the Adriatic.

It is a lovely evening in August. It has been a hot day in Venice, but after sunset a light breeze has sprung up, rippling the waters of the Adriatic and bringing life and refreshing coolness to the Venetians. At a short distance from the island of San Giorgio a gondola is gaily skimming along toward the Piazza San Marco. Within is seated a young American, whose air, bearing, and dress denote him of good family, education, and fortune. His costume, consisting of a Lombard hat, loose cravat, black velvet paletot, and white pantaloons, savor rather of the elegance of artistic negligence than of the servility or precision of fashion. Having introduced Ernest Carroll as our hero, we shall now drop the present tense, for what we are about to recount took place in the summer of 1847.

*"Ars longa, vita brevis est,"* said our hero musingly, "the student of art no sooner masters one difficulty than another rises before him; he plants his foot exultingly on what appears to him the summit of the mountain, and lo! a higher Alp appears in the distance to dishearten him, or to lure him onward. Three years close application have enabled me to

draw accurately and to paint from the life when my model is before me, yet how feeble is my hand when it undertakes to give expression to imagination or to paint from memory. I am like a beginner in music, who can only play with his notes before him. The face of that fair Venetian haunts me like a dream; with my eyes closed I see every feature as plainly as if it were sculptured in marble, but when I attempt to fix her image on the canvas the features are there, but where are the soul and expression? The aroma has evaporated, the dregs only remain. Perhaps I have undertaken too much in endeavoring to paint her in a character and attitude different from that in which I see her in public—but there is something so queenlike in her bearing that I can only think of her as a Cleopatra. What classic features, what brilliancy of complexion and grace of bearing. I must watch her expression once more at the opera to-night and renew my attempts to-morrow."

By this time, the whole army of stars was duly marshalled in the heavens, and Venice, brilliantly illuminated, was mapped out, a glorious constellation of art upon the earth. The

gondola had reached the mole, and young Carroll, having paid a double fee, slowly bent his steps towards his lodgings. As he was passing under the colonnade of the Ducal Palace, a lad in livery, emerging from an obscure corner, presented to him a note.

"What is this?" asked he in some surprise.

"*E' per lei, Eccellenza,*" replied the youth, bowing, and before any other question could be put to him he had vanished.

Mentally addressing the unknown writer he asked, "Art thou some fair Cyprian who wouldst lure me for thy gallant, or some noble dame in search of a *cavaliere servente*? In either case, I have neither time nor inclination for such follies—perhaps I have mistaken thy sex, and thou art some worthless profligate who begs by night to waste the day in idleness and debauchery. I have been too often deceived by tales of distress to be easily duped again." He was on the point of tossing the note into the canal, when it occurred to him that he could do so if on examination the contents should confirm his suspicions.

Arriving at his lodgings, he immediately struck a light, and drew from his breast-pocket the mysterious missive. It was an envelope of rose-colored paper, bearing no superscription, but daintily sealed by the impress of a coronet. He broke the seal, and found written, in a delicate female hand, the following :

“ Sympathy is the pearl of life, deprived of it existence becomes a worthless shell.

“ It is a flower which the nearest relatives may cultivate for years without success, while sometimes strangers find it blooming unexpectedly in their path.

“ It is the Promethean spark which warms into being what before was cold and lifeless, the true fire from heaven which one rather than not possess would suffer torture.

“ The writer of these lines, impelled by circumstances and feelings which can only be explained by conversation, desires an interview.

“ Believing herself to have been appointed by Divine Providence as your special guardian angel, she has accepted the mission with joy and sincerity.



"At some more propitious moment her wishes may assume a definite and tangible form.

CLEOPATRA."

"What carnival buffoonery is this," said he, petulantly throwing the note upon his table. "But stay, if thou art my guardian angel, and art present, thou shalt see that I can at least receive the assurance of thy good will gallantly."

So saying he took up the note and respectfully pressed it to his lips, and was surprised at the power and fragrance of its perfume. His warm breath, reflected from the paper, seemed to rise like a delicious vapor, ascending to the brain, creating a succession of most agreeable sensations and pleasing images. A rosy cloud filled the apartment, it gradually condensed, and lo the fair unknown, whose portrait he had so often attempted in vain to paint, sat smiling before him. The effect of this species of mental intoxication was as fleeting as it was vivid. The vision vanished, and Carroll was now aware that he had been in a peculiar and abnormal condition. "Are there such things

as philters or love perfumes," said he, "or has my imagination been unduly excited by the powerful fragrance of this odor? I have doubtless applied myself too closely of late, and have need of relaxation. *À l'Opera!*"\*

To throw off his morning's negligè and substitute a fashionable costume more appropriate to the occasion, was the work of a few moments. Ten minutes after he was seated in his box at the opera levelling his glass at that occupied by the fair Venetian. Her back was turned towards him and he endeavored in vain to get a glimpse of her face during the performance. Presently he was startled by a low tap at the door of his box.

"Come in," said he, "some one has made a mistake."

The identical youth who had presented him with a note at the Ducal Palace entered, closed the door, and, bowing, said in a low voice, "*La Signora Cleopatra* sends her compliments and requests the pleasure of your company this evening at supper."

\* See note at the end of the volume.

"Who is the Signora Cleopatra," asked Carroll in some surprise.

"Your Excellency can learn that from the lady herself, *son proibito di parlare*."

A moment's indecision on the part of our hero followed. "Can you tell me," said he, "who am a stranger here, the name of the lady opposite, who is about to leave her box?"

"That," said the youth, after a moment's hesitation, "is *la mia padrona*, the Princess Zerlinski."

Was it possible that Cleopatra and the Princess Zerlinski were one and the same person? Cleopatra's note was sealed with a coronet, and the bearer spoke of the princess as his mistress. A crowd of doubts and inquiries was filling his mind, when they were interrupted by a remark from the servant in waiting:

"Your Excellency has not yet deigned to answer my message."

"I will follow you," said he; and throwing on his cloak left the opera house, followed the youth, until they came to the square of St. Mark, thence to the grand canal, where a gondola was in waiting.

"O Giacomo!" shouted the young servant. "Eccomi," was the reply of the gondolier bearing the same livery with his guide. As soon as they were on board, our hero seated within, the guide respectfully standing by the doorway, "*A casa*," was the order given.

## CHAPTER II

## PALAZZO ZERLINSKI.

As the gondola was sweeping along the waters of the grand canal, Carroll had time for reflections, which were not altogether of the most agreeable kind. Was it not an act of great imprudence to entrust himself to the guidance of an entire stranger? He had accepted an invitation to sup with some one whom perhaps he had never seen. Circumstances had led him to infer that this person was the Princess Zerlinski? But had he not been too hasty in his inference? Was it not much more probable that the writer of the note was some Abigail in the service of the princess, and that his young guide was a wily accomplice?

Again, it occurred to him that his close scrutiny of the person of the princess at the opera might have been observed by others and its

motive misconstrued. What if a jealous husband or lover had, in a fit of resentment, sworn to make him the victim of a ridiculous or perhaps cruel hoax? In case the gondola should stop at any mean or suspicious looking dwelling, he determined to refuse to enter under any pretext whatever.

There was no occasion for this last suspicion however, for at this very moment the gondola pulled up at the steps of one of the largest and most elegant palaces of the grand canal. It was a perfect gem of Palladian architecture, which had frequently attracted Carroll's attention. In fact he had, within the last week, spent an hour or two in sketching it from his gondola, and making careful studies of some architectural details.

Following his guide, he mounted the steps, crossed a large, well-lighted hall, redolent of orange and citron trees, and thence to a noble flight of marble stairs richly covered with thick Turkey carpeting. This stairway led to a long gallery, filled with paintings and statues on one side, and lighted by a group of Venetian windows on the other.

The young domestic opened a door, and

motioned to Carroll to enter. He hesitated for a moment, but observing that the room was brilliantly illuminated, and that a small table, laid for supper, occupied the centre, he entered, and the door was gently closed behind him—and he found himself alone.

The apartment struck Carroll as the most elegant he had ever seen; exquisite in the symmetry of its proportions, it was furnished in a style regally splendid. The vaulted ceiling glowed with brilliant fresco coloring, which the young painter's practised eye immediately recognized as the work of Giorgione. The walls were hung with crimson satin which formed an admirable background to about a dozen exquisite pictures, each of which was a gem worthy a cabinet by itself. To the artist's eye it seemed that nothing could be more attractive than the perfect harmony of coloring and exquisite taste which characterized this saloon; but it was soon eclipsed by the opening of a door, and the entrance of the princess herself.

The Princess Zerlinski was, by general consent, the handsomest woman in all Venice. In her person she was of the average height and size—a classically shaped head was joined to

matchless shoulders by a neck which, columnar in its form and proportions, had the grace and flexibility of that of a swan—a low-necked black velvet dress, trimmed with white lace, contrasted finely with the hue of her rich southern complexion—and a profusion of raven tresses were elegantly braided and interwoven with strings of large-sized pearls. He must have been a cool observer who could decide whether her bearing owed its attraction most to dignity or grace, or whether her person charmed most by the perfection of its form or the richness of its *embonpoint*. The *juste milieu* reigned over all so supreme, that Carroll felt that it had, like a burning-glass, brought the full blaze of her beauty into that precise focus which instantly kindles admiration and love.

“How very kind of you,” said she, cordially extending her hand, “to accept an invitation given so unceremoniously, and I might add,” said she, smiling, “mysteriously, if not suspiciously.”

Taking the proffered hand, Carroll gallantly raised it to his lips, according to the fashion of the country, and observed that the smallest and



plumpest of hands boasted a dimple at the base of each rosy-pointed taper finger.

"I am curious to know," said she, "what motive influenced you; confess to me frankly and candidly, was it mere benevolence and a desire to please, or had curiosity and a little mixture of self-love a share in determining you? You see I am beginning early to play the confessor."

"Madam," replied Carroll, who had now regained his self-possession, "I am a stranger in Venice—I am almost a stranger in the world. Three years ago I lost a sainted mother, the last tie which bound me to earth. I am a student of art, and have long been deprived of the pleasure of female society. Your kind note of this morning gave me the pleasing hope of having obtained sympathy, counsel, and advice, before I had done any thing to merit such goodness—from so unexpected a quarter. I believe I have the honor of addressing the Princess Zerlinski."

"The Princess Zerlinski is delighted to make the acquaintance of Signor" ——

She paused for him to fill up the blank.

"Ernest Carroll."

"You are doubtless curious to know why I should have taken any interest in you; pray be seated, I have much to say to you."

So saying, she conducted him to a sofa, seated herself, and motioned to Carroll to take a place by her side.

"You must know," said she, "that I, like you, have had my sorrows and bereavements. Just three years ago, perhaps on the very day when death took from you your mother, I lost a husband and a dear brother, in whom all my hopes and affections were centred. From that day the world has seemed to me a blank. Happening to meet you about a fortnight ago, I was immediately struck by a wonderful resemblance to my poor brother Ernesto, (for that was his name as well as yours.) There was something mysterious, if not miraculous, in the manner of our first meeting. I was at my devotions in a church where you were sketching from an altar-piece by Titian. On my knees, I had prayed to our Holy Mother to assuage my sorrows, and to bring comfort to my poor heart. No sooner was my prayer finished than a feeling of joy and beatific resignation took possession of my bosom. On raising my eyes a heavenly vision

of my brother's form and features floated before them. The last rays of the sun, streaming through a painted window, illuminated your features, and your long study of the picture enabled me to scan them closely. Never was resemblance more perfect. Ernesto was somewhat younger than you, but in you I seemed to behold my dear brother, matured and developed into manhood. As you turned to leave the church, I felt that a heavenly visitor was departing. Since that day I have had the good fortune to meet you daily, and every day has increased my desire to see you face to face, and to converse with you. If I have seemed too bold, I trust that what I have related may excuse me in your eyes, and spare me the mortification of being misunderstood."

"Madam," said Carroll, "words cannot express the pride and pleasure I feel in the singular occurrence of an event which has procured me the honor of such distinguished kindness."

"Your voice, also, is so like that of Ernesto—ah! the illusion is perfect, do not destroy it by refusing me a brother's affection."

Although the princess was in the prime of youth and beauty, her age not exceeding that

of our hero by more than two or three summers, there was something so condescending, kind, and sisterly in the tenderness of her manner, that Carroll was not at all surprised at the warmth of his reception. He was a young man not merely of good habits and principles, but he had guarded the purity of his heart with all the devotion of a woman. He received her greeting, therefore, as a brother, and regarded the gentle and affectionate giver with all the purity of a brother's eyes.

"I firmly believe," continued the princess, "that God has foreordained our meeting, that I may counsel and assist you, and that you may cheer and console me by your presence and friendship. My first care shall be to study in what way I can further your designs and promote your interests. You tell me you are a painter. *Cosa fa di bello adesso?* What work are you now engaged upon?"

"I have had the audacity to commence a portrait, for which your Highness has been an unconscious sitter at the opera. It is a singular coincidence, that I undertook to paint you in the character of a Cleopatra, the very name which you assumed in your note to me of this morning."

"How delightfully romantic," said she, gayly clapping her hands; "but, Ernesto, you must not call me your Highness, call me by my own name, Sofia, as my brother always did. If you think my features worthy of your study I will sit to you. I hope you do not paint rapidly. I would have long, long sittings. To do yourself justice, you must see as much as possible of me—you must watch my motions and expression at all times, whether I am sitting to you or moving about the room. For this purpose you must be content to take up your abode here—I have it all arranged—look at the apartment I propose for you."

Rising, she tripped towards a door at one side of the saloon, and ushered him into a lofty and most luxuriously furnished bedroom, which seemed worthy to receive a prince.

"This was my dear brother's room; how do you like it?"

"How can I express my gratitude for such generous hospitality?"

"By simply saying, thank you Sofia; that will do very well."

"To-morrow, Antonio, the lad who conducted you hither, shall bring whatever you require

from your lodgings. He will answer your bell, and wait upon you only. In the mean time you will find my brother's linen and wardrobe ready at hand. No more thanks, but come to supper."

Returning to the parlor, she rung a bell, and a middle aged female domestic entered, bringing in supper.

"Giannetta," said she, "this gentleman is an artist, who is to paint my portrait. As his time is valuable, and his stay in Venice uncertain, he is to occupy the west chamber during the time he is employed by me. See that nothing is wanting. You need not wait."

"*Sara ubbedita*," replied the servant, curtesying and retiring.

When seated at table, the choice and exquisite viands which were kindly and hospitably pressed upon Carroll, formed the least attractive part of the banquet. His eyes feasted on the grace and beauty of his fair hostess; not a gesture escaped his attention, and her words fell upon his ear like a strain of music, of the import of which he was scarcely aware, feeling only that it was laden with kindness and affection. Completely absorbed, and lost, for a

moment, in a reverie, suddenly starting, "I ask a thousand pardons," said he, "for my absence of mind. I can only account for it by the warmth of the weather occasioning an unusual languor and debility."

"I am aware that I am becoming prosy," said the princess, good humoredly. "I have crowded a life of pleasure into a few short hours. We have both need of repose."

She rung the bell, and Giannetta entered, placing a pair of wax candles upon a side-table.

"*La Camera del Signore e pronta,*" said she, and taking up the tray on which she had gathered the remains of the repast, left the room.

"Before we retire," said the princess, "I must show you a few art-treasures, which you can examine some other time at your leisure."

She led him to a large antique cabinet of ebony, mosaic, and mother-of-pearl. Opening one of the drawers, "This silver hunting-bell," said she, "is the work of Benvenuto Cellini; observe what *grace* of design and exquisite execution. This drinking cup of gold, enamelled with jewels, is also from his hand. It was a bridal present to one of my ancestors."

It is hard to decide whether the exquisite sculptures which adorn it, or the harmonious colors of the precious stones, contribute most to its beauty; form and color, the sculptor's and painter's specialties, seem here to have gone hand in hand. Observe this large antique seal ring; it is a superb head of the Apollo—the stone is a sapphire. The intaglio is polished in every part; I have been assured that this art has been lost, and the work is ascribed to a Greek artist, dating back many years previous to the birth of our blessed Redeemer."

Drawer after drawer was opened, and Carroll glanced hastily at treasures which promised to reward hours and hours of study.

"Here is something which is of no use to me, but may be of service to you in the prosecution of your studies." She touched a secret spring, and a lid rose, disclosing a drawer filled with gold coin. "This is the surplus of my last quarter's income—take it, and oblige me by so doing."

"I thank you, with all my heart," replied Carroll, somewhat proudly, "for your generous offer; but, I assure you, I have no occasion for it. My fortune is more than ample for my wants,



and I should devote much more of it to charity were it not for the scarcity of deserving objects."

"You are rich, then; I am sorry for it. I have nothing, then, to bestow upon you but my esteem and friendship."

"Which I shall prize beyond the wealth of the Indies," replied Carroll, taking a light in his hand.

"*Felice notte, Ernesto,*" said the princess, with a smile.

"*Felice notte, Sofia,*" said Carroll, bowing, and retiring.

On retiring to rest, Carroll, closing his eyes, began to reflect on the strangeness of his situation. By what art of magic had he been conveyed to the palace of a beautiful enchantress? Two short weeks only had passed since he, for the first time, had seen a lady whose beauty so forcibly captivated him that he had dreamed away the hours since in endeavoring to fix upon canvas the fleeting image reflected by his memory. At this moment he was domesticated under her roof, on the footing not only of a friend but a brother. He rapidly reviewed the events of the last few hours—he recalled to memory every word that had fallen from her lips, and every

glance which she had bestowed upon him. In the language of the Eastern poets, "his bosom expanded with joy, and his heart became dilated." Gradually, the thoughts and images passing through his mind formed new and strange combinations. Fantastic forms seemed to float around him until the dark curtain of sleep slowly closed before his vision, and he sunk into a sweet, gentle, and refreshing slumber.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PORTRAIT.

WHILE making his toilette, the next morning, Carroll was surprised at the sumptuous elegance of his lodgings. The walls were hung with a light green Genoese velvet; the window curtains and bed hangings of rich brocade satin, of the same color with their gilded cornices, would have formed admirable subjects for the pencil of Mieris; the pillow-cases, trimmed with antique lace, might have excited the covetousness of a Parisian belle; an ample ewer and basin of silver were flanked by a flask of rose-water, which imparted a delightful softness and fragrance to the cool water.

"My worthy predecessor and namesake," thought Ernest, "must have been a perfect Sybarite in his toilette to require such a variety of articles, in the manufacture of which the choicest workmanship and most costly material seem to have been exhausted."

Throwing open a long window opposite to his bed, he saw that it opened upon the flat roof of a colonnade, surrounding three sides of a quadrangle—the fourth being formed by the arm of the palace itself. The roof was paved with variegated marble, and the sides were protected by a massive marble balustrade, the pedestals of which were ornamented by statues and vases of flowering plants alternately. The space inclosed by this promenade was a large garden filled with fruit and flowering trees. The birds were singing gayly, and the air was loaded with fragrance. What wealth must have been required not merely to construct such an establishment, but maintain it! There was no appearance of neglect or decay, so common in many Italian palaces, but all was as bright, fresh, and orderly as might have been in the days when Milton visited Italy.

Having completed his toilette, Carroll gently unlocked and opened the door leading to the adjoining parlor, and paused a moment to observe the change in the attire of his fair hostess.

She was seated, reading, at a table on which pen, ink, and paper were lying. If on the even-

ing previous she had seemed oppressively magnificent, she was now blooming with an elegance coquettishly simple. A loose morning-dress of pink muslin, open in front, was confined at the waist by a silken cord and tassel of the same color, showing that her figure owed none of its charms to the artificial aid of corsets or mantua-makers. Her hair was denuded of the jewels which had graced it before, but now "*simplex munditiis*," it was braided and bound up closely, giving a classical serenity to the beauty of her head, neck, and shoulders. No diamond bracelet flashed from her arm, the beauty of whose outline was heightened only by the soft cloud of rosy muslin in which it was imbedded.

"She is altogether lovely," thought Ernest, as he advanced towards her.

"*Ben levato, Ernesto*," said the princess, rising, extending her hand, and greeting him with the gayest of smiles.

"*Buon giorno, Sofia*," said he, endeavoring to accustom himself to the style of address which she had imposed upon him.

"It is unnecessary to ask if you have reposed well," remarked she, with a complimentary glance.

"For ten long hours I have enjoyed the slumber of an infant, totally unconscious of the princely luxury which I have just been admiring."

"I am glad you like your apartment. I should be guilty of ostentation to deny that it is the best my house affords, and it is for that reason I have selected it for you. There is a tradition that the divine Raffaello once slept on that couch, and it is certain, from family records, that Vandyke was lodged in that apartment during the time he was painting my great great-grandmother. But, apropos to painting, would it not be well for you to give Antonio an order for such articles as you may require from your studio, or apartments? I presume an order will be necessary."

Carroll wrote a note to his servant, saying that he should be absent for a few days, and indicated some articles of his wardrobe to be packed in a trunk, and given to the bearer, together with one easel, some canvas, brushes, colors, &c. He gave the necessary address and instructions to Antonio, who, bowing respectfully, with the usual phrase, *mio padrone*, departed on his errand.

"And now," said the princess, "*a colazione*." Taking his arm, she followed Giannetta, bearing a silver tray containing a déjeuner service, to a room opening into a small apartment. Giannetta placed the tray upon a marble centre-table, drew up two chairs, and retired, closing the door.

Carroll found himself in a small octagonal room, lighted from the ceiling; each of the sides was formed by a lofty mirror, running from the skirting to the cornice; a narrow gilt frame, surrounding each mirror, served to break the joints at the top, bottom, and sides. He was for a moment puzzled to imagine how they could have entered the boudoir, when it occurred to him that one of these mirrors was a practicable door, and formed, in fact, the back of the one in the parlor.

"We shall not be alone here," said the princess, pointing to the multiplied reflections of the two occupants. "See, how many happy faces are smiling around us!"

"Ah, Sofia," said Ernest, "I could never choose between the infinite variety of views in which these mirrors reflect your person. What an *embarras de choix*?"

The princess, smiling, bowed a graceful acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I must trouble you with a few questions," she said, handing him a cup of fragrant Mocha, "which escaped my attention last evening. You are a stranger in Venice, you say—from what part of Italy do you come?"

"I am not an Italian."

With a look of extreme surprise, she asked, "A Spaniard? Not a Frenchman, nor an Englishman—a German? Russian? No? Then either a Pole or Hungarian."

"Neither."

"Then, of course, you dropped from the skies."

"No; I am an American."

"An American! how delightful! How have you contrived to master our language so entirely as to lead me to suppose you were a Tuscan?"

"*Effetto di tua bontà* I am fond of the study of languages, and have devoted myself more particularly to that of the Italian, as the most beautiful of all written or spoken ones."

"Of course you are familiar with the works of our poets and best writers?"

"I have devoted *most* of my attention to the



works of your four great classic poets—Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, and Tasso. Boccaccio is a name which is almost unmentionable in my own country, and with his writings I am totally unacquainted; my mother warned me to abstain from the perusal of his books, as a Circean cup which degrades and transforms to brutes those who indulge in it. I observe, however, that among the statues which have lately been ordered to fill the niches of the Uffizii, at Florence, one of Boccaccio is to be placed in company with the great poets and artists of his day.”

“Boccaccio,” said the princess, “would have been the sweetest poet of his age, were it not that licentiousness, like a loathsome reptile, lurks beneath the most fragrant flowers of his poesy. I consider him the most dangerous corrupter of youth and innocence—read him not, Ernesto, he is a treacherous Amphitryon, regaling his guests with the most delicate viands and choicest wines, which he gradually spices and strengthens until he intoxicates the brain, making it insensible to any pleasure save that of a sensual orgie. I have heard that, in his latter years, he deeply repented the publication of his *Decamerone*—he would gladly have sup-

pressed and destroyed it, but it was too late, the pernicious seeds were sown, and its poisonous flowers had infected Italy. I fear that, in another world, he must atone for many of the vices and crimes of his countrymen."

"I cannot imagine a severer torture to his troubled soul," said Ernest, "than to suppose him at present listening to the beautiful severity of your just condemnation."

"Of all the poets you have mentioned, Petrarch is my favorite; so varied in thought, so artistically musical in his language, so pure in his imagination, he gives me greater pleasure than the sublime Dante, the gay and imaginative Ariosto, or the academical Tasso—beyond all this his constancy shines over his head like a brilliant star in my imagination; but tell me," said she, changing the subject, "how you like this apartment? It is one of my own designing."

"If architecture be one of your accomplishments, I cannot give higher praise to this specimen, than to say it is fully in accordance with the exquisite taste which reigns around you."

"I would not arrogate too much credit to myself, when I say that I designed it; the idea

alone, was mine—the architect and artisans employed by me must have the credit of its development and execution. I found great pleasure and amusement in watching its progress. It is very easy,” continued she, with a sigh, “to execute plans which require only money to purchase the requisite skill and talent; how different must be the pleasure of an artist engaged in conceiving and executing some great thought! This is creation, the pleasure which we must suppose fills the mind of the Eternal Father when, in the variety of his creations, he gives expression to a harmonious variety of thought. When we consider the different stages of this earth, with the different races of animals and plants which have succeeded each other, as geologists teach us—when we learn, from the same source, that man was the last and crowning work of his hand, may we not reasonably infer that he is to be succeeded by a higher and nobler type of organization?”

“ ‘ Mine eyes are made the fools o’ th’ other senses,’ ” quoted Carroll, “ unless I see before me a specimen of this new and angelic race ! ”

The countenance of the fair hostess glowed with undisguised pleasure, on receipt of the

compliment, which, she remarked, "was expressed with a delicacy and elegance truly Della Cruscan. I see that your education has not been neglected. Of course you are of a noble family?"

"In my country, the distinctions of rank which separates classes in Europe, are unknown to us. Our government is a republic, and those who framed its institutions, jealous of the power and influence of family, abolished all titles of nobility. To be born of a good family, to be able to trace one's descent from ancestors who have been wealthy and educated, is naturally and justly considered a great distinction. In this respect I may consider myself one of a privileged class. Wealth of course has its weight and influence in America as it has all over the world; but wealth alone is not with us a passport to good society. A millionaire without talent or refinement would not be tolerated in the first society, whatever might be his importance on the Exchange. Talent, and its concomitant power and influence, is the highest mark of distinction. A well-educated American may console himself for the want of a title by reflecting that he is not a subject, but

a sovereign, and as those who administer public affairs are not his masters, but his servants, he may proudly hold up his head with any foreign nobleman."

"*Tout de même*, had there been any nobles in your country you would have been one of them?"

Ernest smiled to observe how little effect the American's boast of sovereignty had in modifying the prejudices of those accustomed to a different order of things.

"I have heard and read much of your interesting country. I am told that its progress and changes are so rapid, that a European can hardly keep pace with its movements. I remember having seen a porcelain vase, on which were delineated the figures of Europe, Asia, and Africa, each distinguished by an appropriate symbol. They were seated by the sea-shore, watching the approach of a strange vessel sailing from the setting sun. If the artist had been inspired to predict the discovery of your country, he could not have expressed his vaticination more significantly. You have already given to the world steam and the electric telegraph; you are a rich and powerful nation.

It only remains to be seen whether you are to develop a new order of civilization peculiar to yourselves, or whether, like the Romans, you are only to modify the arts and institutions of others. Descended as you are from the English, and speaking the same language, I am surprised to find how unlike them you are, Ernest! I am sure you cannot like or sympathize with them. The boasted beauty of girls, consisting of a thin skin and florid complexion, is a precursor of grossness and obesity in the women. What taste in dress! I am told that the English ladies import all their fashions from Paris, only to make them ridiculous by their modification in London. And then their men! what clownish, awkward, overgrown boobies they seem! So arrogant and uncourteous in their bearing, so totally incapable of accommodating themselves to the habits or manners of strangers. I never see one of their great lubberly faces, all smoothly shaven and shorn, without being reminded (excuse the simile) of one of those pig's faces which peep out upon you from a pork-shop in Bologna."

"You do not dislike, then, the practice of wearing the beard?"

"I should as soon think of shaving off my eyebrows. What an effeminate affectation, to remove from the face the distinguishing mark of manly maturity. When the graceful curl of the youthful lip begins to disappear, the moustache gives it a new character and expression. I cannot believe that the Almighty made a blunder when he gave to man this distinctive feature—or that his work can be improved by all the razors in Sheffield."

"Thus far," replied he, "I see the English very much with your eyes. We must do them the justice to allow that they are a great and powerful nation, and remember that we see the worst specimens on the continent. England can boast that she has brave sons and chaste daughters. All must look to her as the bulwark of liberty. The liberty of the press, and the due administration of justice, and the preservation of law and order, are the greatest boons ever granted to a people. If the Englishman is not eminent as an inventor, he shows uncommon skill in perfecting the inventions of others. The mechanic arts are by him brought to the highest point of excellence; his manufactures defy all competition in every foreign mart; above all, he

is honest, faithful, and *true*. The word of an English gentleman is as good as his bond, and he would scorn to tell a lie as the meanest and basest of actions."

"Ah Ernest," said she approvingly "that virtue atones for many faults and weaknesses. If there be any thing I utterly detest, it is *la menzogna*."

The reader must bear it in mind that the conversation we have above given was carried on in Italian, a language much more musical than our own, and capable of giving a delicacy to the turn of every thought and expression, of which it is impossible to convey an idea in a translation. The remarks of the hostess lost none of their charms by the manner of their delivery, and the young American was mentally comparing them to "*apples of gold, set in pictures of silver*," when rising she remarked that their sitting at table had been protracted to a very late hour in the morning. Leading the way through the parlor, she conducted her guest to an apartment adjacent. Large, well filled bookcases occupied the walls at intervals, the spaces between were decorated by pictures and statues.



Above, suits of armour and warlike instruments were picturesquely grouped around the room.

"This library," said she, "has a single window with a northern light which I believe you painters generally prefer. The shutters are so contrived that you can admit or exclude the light as you please. Here are your easel and painting materials. Antonio, I presume, has carried the rest of your articles to your chamber."

"*Mille grazie*, a thousand thanks. The light is admirable, and I propose to avail myself of the full benefit of it. Light generates color, and I have always thought it an error in our modern painters to exclude it from their studios till the face of the sitter is half lost in shadow. What they gain in *chiaroscuro*, is lost in color. I have often imagined that the pictures of the old Venetian masters, owe much of their breadth and brilliancy of color to their having been painted in large and well-lighted rooms."

After a hasty examination of some of the pictures, "I am surprised, Sofia," said he, "at the richness of your art-treasures."

"They were formerly collected together in a large gallery, which was much visited by strangers. I found the study of them, placed in juxtaposition, very wearisome and fatiguing. I made a selection of my favorites, and found great occupation and amusement in arranging them in appropriate situations, where they would appear to the best advantage. You, who are a judge, must tell me candidly, if any of them are of inferior merit."

"Here is one, which seems, for many reasons, unworthy of a place here," said he. "Who is this simpering youth, holding in his hand a full blown rose?"

"It is a portrait of the artist, by himself. He was a pupil of Titian's, famous, I believe, for his personal beauty and—gallantries."

"So I should have inferred from the couplet which he has inscribed on the background of his portrait."

The princess read :

"*Quid stupeas specie rosæ Paphiæ, ereptæ.  
Quæ si non erepta ipsa cadebat.*"

"Pray translate it for me. I do not understand Latin."

"Excuse me, Sofia; the sentiment, though

couched in language sufficiently delicate, is hardly fit for your ears."

"The picture you say, is of inferior merit?"

"It is even below mediocrity."

"I have been surprised at the largeness of offers made to me for this picture. From what you say, I would sell it on no account. This very day it shall be removed."

"It may be," said Carroll, "the portrait of that pupil of Titian, who in the fatuity of his vanity imagined that he had captivated the heart of a princess of great beauty and equal virtue. Seizing, as he thought, a favorable opportunity in the dance, he asked, '*Se non è amor quel ch'io sento, che cosa mai sarà?*' She contemptuously suggested that a flea in his ear might possibly be the cause of his discomfort."

"The reproof," said she, "was justly but coarsely administered."

"And yet, a more delicately pointed thrust at his vanity might have failed to kill it."

The princess, having signified her readiness to give the artist a sitting whenever it suited

\* NOTE. This picture now graces (?) the Italian cabinet, in the Pinakothek of the King of Bavaria.

his convenience, he arranged his easel, and placed a chair for her.

"I propose," said he, "with your approbation and permission, to make a few careful studies in color, of your head, before commencing a finished portrait."

"By all means, I hope you will allow me to look at you, the sittings will be so much more agreeable, if we can look at and converse with each other."

"Certainly, place yourself in any attitude most agreeable to you, and talk as freely as you please, it gives animation and expression to the countenance. I always endeavor to converse with my sitters, although my absorption in the work before me, I have no doubt, oftentimes makes me utter the most unintelligible nonsense."

"Have you never been said," asked the princess, "to resemble Lord Byron?"

"Not that I am aware of, there are so many dissimilar portraits of his Lordship that I should hardly know whether to take such a resemblance as a compliment or otherwise. That by Bartolini, I am convinced, by his reputation as a sculptor, must be an excel-

lent likeness, yet we are told by Moore, that his Lordship was not at all satisfied with it, complaining that it gave him a jesuitical air. Perhaps it was the truth of the resemblance which displeased him. The portrait by Phillips, the only one which Byron allowed to be published with his works, is said by good judges, to have been flattered and generalized. It is supposed to have his air and manner without the individuality of his features or expression."

"I presume it is this portrait which you appear to me somewhat to resemble. I alluded, of course, to his portraits only. He died before I was born. His mode of life here gave him a scandalous notoriety, habits of inebriation in which he is said often to have indulged were not calculated to raise him in the estimation of the Italians—habituated from their earliest childhood, to a moderate use of the juice of the grape, without abusing it, the sight of a drunkard inspires them with feelings of pity and disgust."

"I have remarked," replied Carroll, "that intoxication is a vice rarely met with on the continent. This reminds me of an anecdote

related by a friend, in a letter from America, of the great naturalist, Agassiz, who has recently honored us by taking up his abode in our country. He received a call from a gentleman who came to solicit his subscription in aid of the temperance cause. After hastily looking at the heading of the paper, Agassiz assured his visitor that he was a warm friend to the cause of temperance, but that he must decline subscribing, not approving the principles set forth in the programme, or the mode of operation proposed. 'Form a society,' said he, 'for the propagation of the vine and the manufacture of pure wine, at prices within the reach of the poorest laborer, and I will heartily contribute to the very extent of my means.' 'Make wine cheap!' exclaimed the astonished philanthropist. 'All our endeavors have been directed to dissuade men from the use of the simplest stimulant.' 'Therein, think,' said Agassiz, 'lies your error; to the laborers of Europe the free use of wine is abitudinal, in fact it forms a large staple of their diet, and yet drunkenness is, I may almost say, entirely unknown to them; to refuse to enjoy the gifts of Providence from the fear of using them, is a confession of weakness, as it

seems to me, beneath the dignity of manhood.' ”

“ I have heard the name of Agassiz,” said she, “ pronounced with great respect by scientific men, as one destined to rank as the equal, if not the superior of Cuvier, of whom, I believe, he was a pupil ; he has already, though young, a European celebrity.”

“ Another anecdote of him amused me much,” continued Carroll ; “ he had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and habits of thought. The gentleman, who had been deputed to invite him, continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society were ready to pay him liberally for his services. ‘ That is no inducement to me,’ replied Agassiz ; ‘ I cannot afford to waste my time in making money.’ To an ordinary minded man, who measures the value of every thing by money as a standard, this answer must have seemed somewhat paradoxical. He departed with a puzzled and ruminating air ; possibly, before reaching home, a new light may have burst upon him, namely, that there are a few

gifted minds whose exertions and ambitions have a higher aim than the acquisition of gold."

"Charming!" said the princess; "he must be a wit, as well as a philosopher."

"My friend, who seems quite full of his subject, ascribes to him the wisdom of a philosopher, the graces and accomplishments of a courtier, together with the jovial frankness and unaffected simplicity of a school-boy. When in London, he was one day walking with an Englishman who had been introduced to him, equally distinguished by his rank as a nobleman and as a lover of science. Passing, together, through a market, the eye of the Swiss naturalist was attracted by a small fish, with which he was not familiar. He eagerly purchased the specimen, and, passing a string through its gills, hastened to carry it to his lodgings, for immediate examination and study. They had not walked many steps when his companion, drawing out his watch, began in a confused and stammering manner to plead an engagement. It was evidently an excuse to avoid the company of a stranger, who was carrying the product of the fish-market through the streets of London. 'I ask your pardon,' said Agassiz; 'if I



have placed your lordship in an awkward or ridiculous position. A student's habits and manner of thinking have made me careless of appearances; my time is too valuable to be sacrificed to mere conventionalities—but, perhaps, I have done wrong to forget the nobleman in the scientific man.' The Englishman paused a moment, slightly coloring, then extending his hand, 'My friend,' said he, 'you have taught me that I have a weakness of which I am heartily ashamed. To show you that I am cured, and, as a penance for my false pride, I insist on carrying your specimen for you.' From that moment they were the best of friends."

"Ah!" exclaimed the princess, "when Alexander stooped to pick up the pencil which he handed to Apelles, the compliment which he paid to art was vulgar and theatrical, in comparison with that paid by the noble Englishman to science. Did I understand you to say that your letter was from an *amico o un' amica*?" asked she, with an arch smile.

"*Un amico, cara Signora.*"

"I know it," said she, "it was only a ruse to introduce a question. Tell me, Ernesto, what *is the state of your heart?*"

"This is the first moment of my life that I was ever aware that I had one," gallantly answered Carroll.

"I am glad of it, you must keep it for your sister, she will need all your affection and love."

It is difficult to describe the perfectly natural, simple, and unconscious manner in which this remark was made.

"The task you impose upon me would be a very easy one, though, perhaps, not unattended with danger."

"Danger? What danger can threaten our loves? It is only to the vulgar, gross, and unrefined, that love can occasion any danger. My love for thee, Ernesto, has no admixture of earthly feeling; it is too elevated, too spiritual, too tranquil and happy! 'To deny one's self the enjoyment of a blessing from the fear of abusing it, is to confess a weakness beneath the dignity of rational creatures.' You see I am quoting from Agassiz."

"May I cease to be blessed by your love," said Ernest, with enthusiasm, "if I ever cease to think of you as a sister!"

"Amen!" faltered the princess, in a tone almost inaudible, and turning pale as marble.

Like Macbeth's amen, the word seemed to choke her utterance.

Carroll had, by this time, carefully sketched an admirable likeness. An outline of the head, with all her features, each rendered by its appropriate local tint, was already fixed upon the canvas ; he was now busily engaged in blending the colors, modelling up the features, and, with happy touches here and there, giving expression and animation. Perceiving the careful attention which he bestowed on his work, the princess bore the whole burden of the conversation. Upon whatever subject she touched, whether literature, art, poetry, the drama, politics, or gossip, she astonished her hearer by the extent of her information, the soundness of her judgment, the brilliancy of her wit, and, above all, the dignity and purity of her character. She was now in a humorous vein ; whenever she touched on the ridiculous, Ernest was obliged to lean back in his chair and indulge in uncontrolled laughter.

"You seem to be in good spirits," said she. "I presume your work goes on to your satisfaction."

"You are the most admirable of sitters,"

replied Carroll. "You have kept your post for three long hours without any appearance of fatigue or restlessness; I am sure you must be weary—fortunately, in the present stage of my picture, I can do nothing more to-day."

"May I be allowed to look at it?"

"I was just on the point of requesting that honor."

"Ah! Ernest," said she, evidently surprised and pleased with the portrait; "I am sure you have flattered me immensely. My glass never showed to me one half of those beauties."

"On the contrary it is, at present, but a poor and feeble reflection of the image which has been dazzling my eyes this whole sitting. I am tolerably satisfied, however, with my morning's work; a few more touches, a little heightening and toning the colors, by means of glazing, will improve it vastly, by giving a greater appearance of finish and roundness."

"I cannot express the pleasure—the pride I feel in this proof that you really possess all the talent and genius which I had attributed to you in my imagination. It makes me proud of my love; you are destined to achieve a great name, and to create a sensation at no distant day."

"Which I shall value infinitely less than the happiness of having given you pleasure."

"Are you fond of riding?"

"Passionately; when at Florence, which has been my home for the last two years, a morning and evening ride formed my regular daily exercise. Since I have been in Venice I have not been sorry to exchange my rides on horseback for the more novel and lazy locomotion of the luxurious gondola."

"Why should we not enjoy both?" asked the princess. "After an hour or two on the Lagunes, we can land at the Lido, where Antonio shall be ready with horses. It wants four hours to our dinner time, six o'clock; we cannot better employ the interval."

"With all my heart."

The princess retired to her apartment to exchange her morning dress for that of an Amazon; and Carroll, having gathered up his brushes and painting materials, equipped himself in riding costume, and joined the princess, whom he found waiting in the parlor.

They were soon on the Lagunes, rowed back and forth by two stout gondoliers. Carroll derived much interesting and valuable information

in relation to the history, arts, and manufactures of the Venetians. Nearly three hours had passed in this agreeable conversation before they reached the Lido. Placing her foot in Ernest's hand, the princess nimbly vaulted into the saddle, and they started off on a gallop, with Antonio following at a respectful distance.

"Your horsemanship, Sofia, like every thing else you do, is altogether perfect."

"I am very fond of the exercise," said she; "and long habit has made me quite at home in the saddle. I cannot ride like an English woman, nor would I if I could," she added, smiling.

"I have remarked a fact in relation to your countrymen," said Carroll, "which strikes me as a natural characteristic. In all their accomplishments, such as riding, fencing, dancing, singing, or conversation, grace seems in them a natural gift, rather than an acquisition. There is no appearance of the artificial—if art has any thing to do with it, it only illustrates the proverb, *Ars est celare artem*."

"Most ingeniously complimentary," said the princess, glancing at her watch. "Let us hasten to dinner."

Arriving at the palazzo, refreshed and invigorated by exercise, they found the dinner which awaited them not unwelcome. The repast was a sumptuous one, and the fair princess, in the kindness of her hospitality and eager curiosity with regard to every thing relating to her guest, reminded him of Virgil's description of Dido, when entertaining the Trojan hero at her board.

The hours flew gayly by, until the clock told Carroll it was now time to retire. On bidding him good night, the princess asked how he liked the present routine of his life. "Can you be contented in Venice?"

"*A me mi pare di essere in paradiso*," said he.

"That is easily accounted for," replied she; "angels always create a paradise around them, whenever they deign to visit us poor mortals. *Felicissima notte*."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SECRET CHAMBER.

"Lydia, dic, per omnes  
Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando  
Perdere?"

THE routine of the day, described in the last chapter, may serve as a sample of those which followed it, at Palazzo Zerlinski. After breakfast, the mornings were devoted to painting in the library. The afternoons to gondola excursions to some gallery, distant palace, or country seat, after which a ride on the Lido, ended the active employments of the day. The evenings were devoted to music, reading, and drawing. The princess would read to Carroll, as he sat sketching from memory some record of the day, or compassing a design, suggested by some passing thought of his own, or by a remark of hers. These quiet, home-like occupations the princess declared were infinitely more to her taste than the glare and excitement of the opera.



Carroll had been most assiduously and successfully employed. He had made two very accurate and highly-finished studies of the princess's head; and also completed a half-length portrait, in which he had been eminently successful. Surrounded by exquisite specimens of the old masters, he had divined many of their secret processes, and caught much of the spirit, life, and brilliancy of their coloring. It was a correct portrait of an exquisitely beautiful woman, in whose attitude and figure it were difficult to decide whether grace or majesty of bearing formed the prominent feature. Although it was highly and brilliantly colored, like most of the old Venetian pictures, it was so richly and harmoniously toned, that an internal light glowed beneath its surface like that from a sparkling gem. With secret pride and pleasure Carroll saw it framed, and occupying in the library the place from which the portrait of Titian's pupil had been banished. He was by no means entirely satisfied with his work, which he knew fell far short of doing justice to his fair sitter, but he could not help feeling that he had made a great stride in his art, and was elated to observe how well it held its own, in point of

tone and color, in company with the brilliant masterpieces which surrounded it. It is the fate of the gifted and aspiring artist to regard the most finished and studied of his productions as a tame and faint expression of his conception. Mediocre artists alone have the pleasure of surveying their own works with entire complacency and satisfaction. The princess, however, expressed unfeigned pleasure at seeing herself represented in such flattering colors. "You must have been inspired by the memory of that portrait of Titian's mother by himself, looking, as you happily expressed it, like the quintessence of forty empresses. Henceforth I shall look upon you as a Tiziano."

"Ah, Sofia, Titian never had such a sitter, and you ascribe to my poor hands the charms which you have furnished yourself."

The reader who has seen the easy and familiar footing on which the hostess and her guest had now lived together for more than a week, may be curious to ask the question, which the princess had on a former occasion put to Carroll himself, "What was the state of his heart?" It was a question which he had lately frequently asked, and the answer gave him great

trouble and perplexity. He was desperately in love. The kindness and affection of manner with which she had so cordially welcomed him at their first meeting, instead of abating, had increased in intensity, and Carroll could not help doubting whether they were dictated solely by a sisterly interest. They were in the daily and hourly habit of interchanging expressions of devotion and love. Love was as familiar to their lips as household words ; but these expressions had on both sides been guarded by the gentleness and purity of the strictest platonism. Carroll felt that in his own case the fire of love had been surrounded by the snow of language, only to rage more fiercely in his bosom. He knew that the possession of the object of his love was essential to his happiness, but saw no evidence of a corresponding feeling on the part of his beloved. Remembering the distinctions of rank, of her native country, he blushed with a mixture of shame and anger to think of the surprised and humiliating contempt he might incur, should he have the presumption to aspire to her hand. One moment, he formed the resolution of asserting his privileges as a man and a gentleman, by declaring his passion, and run-

ning the risk of an acceptance or a refusal. The next moment found him wavering whether to accept the princess's pressing invitation to remain a while longer, or, by an immediate flight from her presence, to regain the repose of mind he had lost. This presence had become so essential to his happiness, that he had not the courage to forswear it, and he remained in a state of restless and torturing vacillation. Such was the state of his feelings when, on the morning of the tenth day, he awoke from a sound slumber, after a long struggle of the contending emotions we have just described. On rising to dress himself, he was surprised to find lying on his pillow a slip of paper, on which were inscribed the following lines :

“ Care pupille, tra mill’ e mille  
Piu saldo amore del mio, non vè.  
No, non trovate, se lo cercate  
Piu saldo amore piu pura fè.”

He recognized the handwriting as that of the princess. But in what manner it had been conveyed thither, puzzled his ingenuity to divine. That it was not there when he retired to rest, he was perfectly sure. Hastily rising from his bed, he examined the fastenings of every door

and window. Each lock was fastened with the key turned on the inside; each window barred so securely as to make an entrance to his apartment from without impossible. A bright ray of hope now flashed across his mind. "My charming Sofia," said he, "has seen the agonies which have tortured me, has divined all my doubts and fears, and has chosen this gentle method of encouraging me. 'Love laughs at locksmiths,' and the princess has too brilliant a genius to fail in the execution of any design, the outline of which she has once conceived. This very day I will declare my love, and solicit the honor of her hand. It will require all my courage, but I will seize the first favorable opportunity." Perceiving that the hour was unusually late, he hastily finished his toilette, and joined the princess at breakfast.

He found his hostess in the gayest and merriest of moods. She skipped from one topic to another with such a light and mirthful humor, that Carroll could not think of approaching the solemn and engrossing subject of his thoughts, until her spirits should have exhausted somewhat of their present exuberance. She had been ridiculing the un-

due reputation given to Salvator Rosa, by the English, on account of the picturesqueness of his subjects and the *bravura* of his handling. She made a witty and artistical analysis, or rather comparison of the works of Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, and Claude Lorraine, in which by force of happy and appropriate epithets she reproduced in words, pictures characteristic of each of these artists.

Carroll remarked, that individual taste in regard to scenery, might be accounted for by individuality of temperament. "For my own part," said he, "I prefer the calm quiet and tranquillity of the valley to the more bracing air and stirring picturesqueness of mountain scenery. I would not thank any one to take me to the top of a high mountain and show me the most extensive prospect."

"*Obbligata*," said she, interrupting him. "I presume, also, that you would be extremely cautious about accepting any offers which might be made to you by your guide and conductor, while there."

Carroll could not refrain from laughter, at the happy turn of the expression which showed

him that he had, unconsciously, used words so closely identical with those of an inspired writer, on a very different subject.

"You must excuse me for an hour or two," said she, rising—"I have some writing to do which will not admit of further delay. *A rivederti.*"

After a short interval, which seemed an age to the anxious lover, entering the library she resumed the thread of her conversation; perceiving that Carroll bore a very small part in it, she suddenly paused, and asked "I fear I am tiring you with my nonsense, or, perhaps, Ernesto, you are not well to-day?"

Carroll embraced this as a favorable moment, and without hinting at any idea of the authorship, expressed himself puzzled to account for the mysterious conveyance of a copy of verses to his pillow during the last night, while all mode of access to his chamber seemed to him impossible.

"Consequently," said she, "you are very much alarmed for your safety? It was a mischievous trick of mine, from which I expected much sport this morning. In fact, I have felt not a little piqued that you did

not mention it sooner. To calm your fears on the score of safety, I must show you that no one can have access to your room, with the exception of one who has no inclination to harm you. Do me the favor to go into your chamber, lock all the doors, and stand with your face opposite to this door of entrance, until I call to you."

Carroll obeyed these instructions, locked carefully every door and window, and took the prescribed position; a few moments only had elapsed, when feeling a gentle tap on his shoulder, and hearing his name pronounced, he turned and saw the princess standing by his side! "You have the step of a fairy," said he, "I fancied I should hear you."

"And how do you imagine I entered," said she, highly enjoying his astonishment.

"Oh! by the keyhole, of course, like other fairies."

"No! I came through that picture."

Carroll turned his eyes towards the only picture in the room. It was a full length family portrait, probably the one mentioned by the princess as having been painted by Vandyke, reaching to the very floor.



"I see, Sofia, that you are determined not to lose the sport you anticipated: *Tu mi burli.*"

"Observe," said she, slightly pressing a spring on the frame; a portion of it, with the picture, gently and noiselessly receded, turning on hinges like a door, which in fact it was, leading to an adjoining apartment.

Following the princess, who tripped lightly over the threshold formed by the lower part of the frame, Carroll entered the room and the door closed behind them. He found himself in a small apartment, lighted by a single window of rose-colored glass; without any apparent entrance or egress. The door which had just closed, showed a picture on this side, which fitting closely into another gilt frame, as a door casing, completely concealed the passage, and seemed a fixture on the wall.

"You are now in the possession of a secret known only to myself beside. By a similar arrangement, the picture opposite to the one by which we entered connects this room with my sleeping apartment. It required no aid of magic for me to convey those verses to your *pillow*, while you slept so soundly. This con-

trivance occurred to me about a year ago, and I lost no time in executing it. The door by which this room was formerly entered, led from the parlor. That door I ordered to be walled up, thus gaining in the parlor an excellent position for my favorite Guido. I next caused these two openings to be made, and the mode of concealing them was executed by different workmen who were not aware of the object in view, with the exception of a trusty old carpenter, who hung the doors on their hinges and fitted the springs. He died about six months since, I am confident without breathing a word of my secret. It occurred to me that in some of those revolutions which periodically threaten our unfortunate country, some friend or friends might become compromised, and in danger of their lives. Here is an asylum in which I could conceal them for any length of time."

"Most ingeniously planned and executed," said Carroll, whose heart began to palpitate at the thought of the isolated condition in which he was placed with his hostess.

"It is pleasant, sometimes, to be alone," resumed she. "Tell me, Ernest, does it not give

you a singular sensation to reflect that at this present moment we are lost to the world, as completely as if we were inhabitants of another bright planet? Here no curious eye can watch our movements, no eavesdropping ear can listen to our words."

"Here then, princess, in the presence of God alone," said he, with great emotion, "would I unburden to you my bosom, with all its doubts, hopes, and fears."

"What ails my Ernesto?" asked she, with a look of anxious solicitude.

"Ah, Sofia, I find that I have ceased to regard you as a sister. The flame which is devouring me is that of ardent passion and devotion. To continue in my present false position would drive me to madness. Decide, then, whether you will accept me for your husband, or whether you will banish me, laden with scorn, contempt, and indignation!"

If the eyes of the princess glowed with an unwonted fire, it was not that of indignation. Her color heightened, and her lips wore a smile which was not that of contempt.

"My heart, Ernesto, was thine from the first moment I saw thee, and here is my hand—since

it is necessary to your happiness." Then, turning suddenly pale, she added, "There are many reasons—I hardly know whether dictated by my head or my heart—why I should not wish our marriage to be a public one. Kneeling together, without witnesses, at the altar of the holy Madonna, we will swear to each other a constant and perpetual connubial love. The lightness of the bond which unites us shall be a proof of the confidence we mutually repose in one another. This night we will solemnize our wedding."

To the most inexperienced and unsophisticated youth, though possessed of only a half of our hero's sagacity and intelligence, the import of these words would have been sufficiently significant. If he paused for a moment, it was only to doubt whether he had heard rightly. He mournfully raised his eyes to the countenance of the princess, to see whether a demon had not taken her place. An angel form stood before him, beckoning him onward towards an abyss, which he shuddered to contemplate. The struggle between passion and principle was too violent for physical endurance—a deadly faintness stole over him, and he sank senseless into a chair.

On returning to consciousness, Carroll found the princess chafing his temples, and eagerly applying restoratives.

"Thank God, he revives," said she, as he started up, and gazed wildly around.

The preceding scene was, for a few moments, completely erased from his memory, which went no further back than to their entrance to the secret room—the rest was a blank.

"What has happened?" asked he.

"You have been overtaken by faintness. It is my fault, for I have selfishly kept you too long from your exercise. My nerves have had too serious an alarm to allow me to accompany you; the air and exercise will restore you soon. Hasten, then, to the Lido, it is the hour of our accustomed ride. Refresh your jaded spirits by gentle exercise, and return to love and contentment."

These last words recalled to Carroll all that had passed; feeling the necessity of being alone, and collecting his scattered thoughts, he bade the princess a hasty adieu—passed through the door by which he had entered, and hurried to the gondola on his way to the Lido. The coolness of the breeze, on the water, soon restored to him his

usual bodily health ; but his mind continued in a feverish agitation. He was glad to exchange the slow motion of the gondola for a stirring gallop on the Lido. Rushing forward, with the speed of lightning, he gave free vent to the expression of his feelings.

“ Ah ! *Borgia, traditrice,*” said he to himself ; “ is it thus that you have ensnared the heart of your guest, only to make him a partner of your guilty loves ? ”

The memory of her beauty, fascinating talents, and kind hospitality then pleaded for a more favorable verdict. The different standard of morals, the evil influence of example, and a peculiar situation, might justly mitigate the severity of his condemnation. It might be out of her power to submit herself to the bonds of a legal marriage. In the purity of her heart, perhaps she intended to consider the marriage as solemn and binding as if it had been publicly solemnized. Completely engrossed by the current of his thoughts, he paid little or no attention to the guidance of his horse, which, suddenly tripping, stumbled, and threw his master on the beach.

Antonio was soon at his side, and helping

him to rise, "What possessed your Excellency to ride as if the devil were after you?"

On attempting to remount, Carroll perceived, by a numbness of his right arm, and a total incapacity to move it, that he had met with a serious accident.

"This will never do, Antonio; I have need of a surgeon. I cannot think of incommoding the princess's household in my present state—lead me to the gondola, and let me be rowed to my own lodgings."

To hear, with Antonio, was to obey. Carroll soon reached his lodgings, sent his own servant for the court physician, who was also an eminent surgeon. Antonio was charged to represent the matter in the most favorable light to the princess, and, wishing Carroll health and a speedy recovery, he departed.

Professor Andrei, the surgeon who had been summoned, soon made his appearance. After learning the nature of the accident, he proceeded to an examination of the arm.

"Your *Eccellenza* has had a narrow escape," said he. "You have fractured the humerus; but the fracture is not complete, and amounts only to a splintering of that bone, so that you

will be spared the pain of a setting. I shall endeavor to keep down the inflammation and swelling by means of wet compresses, which must be replaced by fresh ones as often as they become dry. You must live on a light broth diet for a few days, to avoid the danger of a fever."

Having adjusted a compress or bandage of linen, which he carefully and gently bound on, he gave Carroll's servants instructions how to renew and apply them.

"Should you be thirsty, you can drink freely of water; at present you have need of rest—and I shall administer a slightly narcotic pill." So saying, he drew from a small gold box a little pill, which he gave to his patient. "I shall call early to-morrow morning," said he, on retiring. "*Buon riposo.*"

Thus ended the tenth day of what may be termed, *Un Decamerone in Venezia.*



## CHAPTER V.

## THE DENOUEMENT.

“Donne, donne chi v’ arriva,  
Chi v’ arriv’ indovinar!”

ON the following morning, Carroll awoke, refreshed both bodily and mentally, by a long night's rest. Dr. Andrei had judged rightly, in supposing that his patient stood in need of something more than the relief of a natural sleep. His quick, medical eye, observed an unusual nervous excitement, which he naturally attributed to the fright, or pain caused by his accident. The good effects of the opiate continued for some time after he was fairly awake. His mind remained in a pleasing, dreamy state, undisturbed by any of the doubts or perplexities of yesterday.

“*Buon giorno, Eccellenza,*” said Giovanni, his servant, handing him a note. “This note came last evening by the lad who conveyed you home

yesterday. He came to inquire how you were, and brought your trunk, which I have unpacked, and ——."

"*Va bene*," said Carroll.

Opening the note, which was in the handwriting of the princess, he read as follows :

"*Carissimo Mio*,—I cannot describe the terror and anxiety into which I am thrown by the news of your accident. I deeply regretted that you had not returned to my house; but on second thoughts, it is, perhaps, better that you should remain in perfect quiet for a few days. Were you under my roof, I could not deny myself the pleasure of sitting by you, and talking more than I ought in the present state of your health. I shall send daily to inquire after you. I am endeavoring to be as brief as possible for your sake, but cannot put down my pen, until it has assured you of the tender solicitude and love of *tua sposa*.  
SOFIA."

Shortly after the perusal of this note, Giovanni announced Doctor Andrei. He was a remarkably handsome man of about forty, wearing a most agreeable and pleasing expression,

and equally distinguished by the *recherchè* elegance of his dress and address. Carroll felt that the fine, healthy, intelligent, and cheerful face of the doctor must make him always a welcome visitor to his patients.

"Your pulse is much improved," said he. "Let us examine the arm."

The swelling had very nearly subsided. After renewing the compresses, which he gently did with his own hands, bidding Giovanni to observe the manner in which it should be done, he assured Carroll that he had every reason to anticipate a speedy recovery, and took his leave.

It is not our intention to trace the gradual progress of the patient, which would be as tedious to the reader as it was to the invalid. Suffice it to say, that in a week or two, Carroll had so far recovered as to require no further attendance of his physician.

When the good doctor announced his intention of discontinuing his visits, Carroll presented him with an unusually handsome fee, and expressed his sincere regret at losing the agreeable company and conversation which he felt had contributed so much to his pleasure.

"Will you allow me to send this trifle to your house?"

"*Troppo garbato, Signore,*" said the Doctor, pocketing his fee, "considering the actual weight of the metal, it is remarkable how easily and pleasantly one can carry gold—ha, ha! I shall do myself the honor to pay you an occasional visit, as a friend, you have no further need of a physician. Delighted to have made your *Eccellenza's* acquaintance—a *rivederla*."

During the whole of his illness, Carroll had been in the daily receipt of long communications from the princess, which made amends for the loss of her conversation, and rekindled his admiration of her talents and the fervor of his devotion. He resolved to take an early opportunity of calling to ascertain whether the manner in which she had received his offer was merely the hasty expression of a generous sympathy and impulsive nature, or the cool decision of a deliberate, calculating, and unprincipled mind. In the latter case, he fancied he should cease to love where he must cease to esteem. He felt that he could part with her without a sigh of regret. On the other hand, should the princess see the matter in the same light with

himself, and accept his offer of marriage, he felt that it would be an act of great imprudence on his part, until he had entirely cleared up the doubts and suspicions which had been forced upon him. He had gone too far, however, to recede, until he should be satisfied that honor and duty required it. He was on the point of writing a note, requesting permission to visit the princess, when he received the following:

“ *Carissimo Ernesto*—Thinking that a souvenir of your Sofia might not be unwelcome, I send the two studies which you made preparatory to your finished portrait. Keep them for your own eyes alone, caro Ernesto; they are sad tell-tales. Those loving eyes speak plainer than words of the tender passion I felt for the painter. I have been interrupted by a most unwelcome incident. I have just received an unexpected visit from a cousin, who will remain a few days only in Venice. His presence would be a restraint on the intercourse we have been accustomed to, and we might find it difficult, if not impossible, to play parts which we have never rehearsed. Our meeting will be postponed for a short time only, although to me

it seems an eternity. Do not write or visit me until I give you notice. The memory of the past, and hopes of the future, are all that render the present supportable. Praying for a speedy and happy union, let me assure you of the devoted love of your Sposa Sofia."

Love is quick to take alarm, and jealousy is apt (sooner or later) to invade the heart which is engrossed by a worshipped idol. The idea of his place at Palazzo Zerkinski, being filled by another, though a relative, was gall and wormwood to Ernest. He remembered with a bitter smile, as he re-read the passage, that with the Italians, the name of *un cugino* was often a substitute for that of a lover. Was he younger or older than the princess?—handsome and accomplished—or ordinary and uninteresting? These were questions so often recurring that he determined that very evening to go to the opera in hopes of getting sight of this unwelcome visitor.

He had no sooner taken his seat at the opera house, than casting a hurried glance at the princess's box, he perceived her accom-

panied by a gentleman of a decidedly aristocratic appearance, whom he presumed to be the cousin alluded to. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, with a light florid complexion, and a cast of features rather German than Italian. In his conversation with the gentlemen who visited the princess's box, there was an air of coldness and reserve, amounting almost to hauteur. Ernest, who watched him narrowly, could see nothing in his manners towards his cousin, which bore the least resemblance to those of a lover. So far was he from exhibiting any signs of *empressement*, that he seemed wanting in the common courtesies which might be expected from one who was enjoying the protection and hospitality of her roof. He allowed her to pick up her own fan, or handkerchief, and seemed as unconscious of her presence as if she were not there. Ernest was now satisfied that this gentleman was either a relation of the princess, or more probably of her late husband.

Presently the door of his box opened and Dr. Andrei entered and complimented him on his restoration to health. After a few po-

lite inquiries he seated himself, and began to amuse Carroll, whom he knew to be a stranger in Venice, with most lively gossip and description of different personages present. After he had sketched some dozen portraits, skipping from one box to another, Carroll, ventured to ask "Who is the gentleman with the Princess Zerlinski?"

"The Prince," said the doctor.

"What Prince?"

"*Il Principe Zerlinski*—her husband," replied he.

"I thought," stammered Ernest, "that the princess was a widow."

"After a certain fashion," said the doctor, smiling. "The prince, for reasons best known to himself, spends most of his time in Russia and Poland, where his estates lie. Madama prefers the air of Italy."

"It seems very imprudent to leave so young and beautiful a wife unprotected in Venice," said Ernest, "she must have many admirers."

"Whom she changes as often as her dresses, so scandal says, and with as little compunction. She is careful to entertain a gallant on the most intimate footing for a week or



two, and meeting him the next day, to pass him without taking the slightest notice of him. A new lover for every new dress, is perhaps, an exaggerated statement. For my part I never believe more than *half* of what I hear—ha! ha!”

Having achieved this *bon mot*, the gay doctor shook Carroll by the hand and retired, leaving him in no very agreeable humor.”

A few moments previous to the entrance of Dr. Andrei, Carroll had observed, by the direction of her eyes, that the princess was aware of his presence. A mutual recognition was expressed by a slight wave of their *lorgnettes*. Her face glowed with unfeigned pleasure, and Carroll thought he had never seen her so beautiful. Shortly after the doctor's departure, without deigning to take even a parting glance, Carroll seized his hat, and leaving the opera house, the atmosphere of which suffocated him, he rushed into the open air. What a change had come over his feelings! Venice, which had seemed to him a paradise for the last month, was now a sink of iniquity. The fresh air of the waters of the Adriatic was offensive in his

nostrils. To a young and ingenuous mind there can be no greater shock than that occasioned by the first knowledge of the extent of the vice and corruption of this wicked world. All faith in human goodness is staggered; and for a time, it would seem, that honor and virtue are only names of things existing in the imagination. Such were the feelings of our hero, as gazing at the full moon now high in the heavens above him, he mentally apostrophized her.

“ And thou, Diana, pale empress of the night, would'st also have thy Endymion. The vaunted queen of purity and chastity, the stern judge and punisher of the frailties of thy followers, thou didst stoop from heaven to dally with a mortal, whose beauty had melted the frost of thy cold and cruel heart. *Così fan tutti*. Shaking the dust from my feet upon this hated city, I will betake me once more to fair, fair Florence, where my days have been passed undisturbed by love or ambition, and where hours of peaceful study have been rewarded by the sweet consciousness of a corresponding progress in my beloved art. From this moment, Art alone shall be my mistress; she alone never deceives; but, to those who

constantly and faithfully woo her, she daily shows herself more true, more pure and beautiful—To Florence!"

By the time he had reached his lodging, he began to waver, whether to return to Florence or to spend some time in travelling.

"Giovanni," said he, "I leave Venice to-morrow. I may go to England. Are you willing to accompany me?"

"*Lei e il mio padrone—comandi,*" was the ready reply."

"*Benissimo.*"

"Your first care, in the morning, must be to get my passports *viséd* for Bologna, where I shall remain a few days. This evening you will pack every thing—my clothes, pictures, sketches, and materials. If the *padrone di casa* is visible at this late hour, you can notify him of my intention to leave Venice, and discharge the amount of rent due for my lodging."

Whilst Giovanni was busily engaged in making preparations, Carroll sat down to write a note to the princess. He commenced by bitterly reproaching her for the falsehoods and deceptions of which she had been guilty, and for the dangerous position in which he had uncon-

sciously been placed by her misrepresentations. He had no sooner penned the lines than it occurred to him that, for a lover to reproach his mistress for exposing him to dangers which she herself shared, savored more of cowardice than just indignation. This was not a light in which he was willing to appear before the princess. He commenced a second, and third letter, each of which was rejected for similar reasons. Finally it occurred to him that his duty was a very plain one; he had made a declaration of love, which had been favorably received—he was now required to give some reasons and apology for withdrawing it. He, therefore, began anew.

Assuring her of the sincerity of the offer he had made, he regretted to learn, from an authentic source, that he had been misinformed with regard to her position. The hand which he had solicited was not hers to give—the heart which she had given him had previously been pledged to another, in the sight of God and man. He did not reproach her with having purposely deceived him; but simply spoke of himself as having been misinformed.

“Under these circumstances,” he remarked,

"every sentiment of duty, honor, and virtue warns me to fly from a presence which endangers my happiness, and has caused the first bitter disappointment of my life."

Having expressed a deep sense of the honor she had done him, by her kind and generous hospitality, he regretted that his heart had received an impression never to be effaced.

Having signed it "Ernesto," he would not trust himself to review it; but retired immediately to rest.

At about ten o'clock of the following morning, Giovanni came to inform him that all was in readiness—the luggage had been carried to the depot, and a travelling-dress had been placed at his bedside, in lieu of the one he had worn.

Carroll was thinking, how he could convey to the princess the letter he had written, when Antonio called with a note.

Without opening it, Carroll inclosed it with his own, and, sealing the envelope, requested Antonio to deliver it to his mistress. At the same time he slipped into his hand a handsome *buona-mano* for his past services. Wishing his *padrone* a *buon viaggio*, Antonio went out, followed by Giovanni.

In reply to a question from Antonio, as to the point of their destination, Carroll heard Giovanni answer that they were bound for England.

"I have lost two masters, this morning," said Antonio; "Signor Ernesto goes to England and the Prince Zerlinski took the steamer for Trieste, this morning."

"This note, then," thought Carroll, "probably contained an invitation for me to visit the princess to-day. It is well that I did not read it—my resolution might have been sorely tempted. It is also fortunate that Antonio has no clue to my address; I shall be spared the pain of an answer."

A gondola, in waiting, soon took him to the railway station, and, by twelve o'clock, Carroll and his servant were rattling along on their way to Padua.

*Here ended one of the most  
delicious love affairs of  
modern times. I  
advise the gentle reader  
to go no further in the book  
unless he wants to know  
the end of the story.*



## PART II.



## LIFE IN FLORENCE.





## PART II.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### CAFFÈ DONEY.

CARROLL had been in Padua a few months before, and, therefore, having no curiosity to satisfy, and being a prey to feverish restlessness, he merely waited long enough for Giovanni to engage a post conveyance, in order to pursue his journey as soon as possible. They passed through a most beautiful and fertile country to Monselice. On the canal, at no great distance from the road, are the baths of Battaglia, and not far from them is the ancient castle of Catajo, which brought back the days of chivalry forcibly to our hero's mind, and seemed as if it must be teeming with feudal retainers. Giovanni, who had no such poetical associations, was so piqued, however, by curiosity, to

explore the place more satisfactorily, that, after giving many hints, which were not taken, he began vehemently to recommend the celebrated mud baths of Battaglia for the restoration of his master's health, describing what he had heard of the cure, and laughingly assuring Carroll that, to an artist, it must be particularly interesting, as it was a species of sculpture. "They make moulds there every day, Signore, of arms and legs, and, it is said, that weakness and rheumatism leave the flesh, and remain in the clay!" Ernest was not to be tempted, and Giovanni soon found new objects of interest, and with childish vivacity admired the landscape, continually exclaiming—"Ma come è bello, Signore!" His delight roused Carroll into observation; the scene was monotonously beautiful; mile after mile they travelled on a straight road, bordered by trees from which vines hung festooned, loaded with heavy bunches of green and purple grapes. It was September, the time of the vintage, and the air was filled with the song of birds and the musical intonations of the peasants gathering the grapes. Now a pair of dark eyes would flash from a neighboring tree, responding by their merriment to some

witticism, when suddenly from the other side was heard a vintage chorus, with all the parts well sustained, while some of the peasants were relieving their sturdy feet, from the weariness of standing, by a nimble dance. Carroll was amused in spite of himself; the pure blue of the sky, the green foliage, the rich color of the clustering grapes, the canals skirting the road, and the picturesque vintagers, formed a scene which allured his eye, and weaned him from his vain regrets. Arriving at the Po, much to his vexation, he found the grand *cortège* of a Russian princess about to be ferried over. The modest post equipage of our travellers was obliged to wait on the flat and sandy shore for two hours, while the boat plied from side to side by a slow and awkward process, which at any other time would have amused our hero. The sun set with a soft brilliancy peculiar to Italy, day faded into evening, and still Carroll waited. At length he fell into a dozing state, and the old puzzle, of the fox and geese being carried over a river, haunted his dreams. After seeing them form endless combinations, Reynard appeared on one side, cackling and extending two white wings, and the geese on the other,

with bushy tails. At this crisis, he was aroused suddenly from his uneasy slumbers, by Giovanni's exclamation of pleasure—"Ora, Signore,—*tocc' a noi!*" In a short time they reached Ferrara, where, after finding the best hotel filled by the Russian travellers, they obtained very comfortable lodgings at no great distance, where a good supper and luxurious bed were very welcome. Ferrara, historically interesting, is one of the most melancholy of cities in appearance. Her grass-grown streets, decayed palaces, and miserable population, speak of utter stagnation; hope and liberty seem extinct, and the traveller feels relieved, when on quitting the gates, he finds himself on the cheerful road leading through rich *podere* to Bologna. The approach to this city is so truly picturesque, that Carroll was delighted. He passed at short intervals villas so charmingly situated, that each was more attractive than the last. Large gates, swinging between high brick or stone posts, crowned by figures of animals or vases of flowers, were so universal, that they seemed a specialty of Bolognese architecture,—the whole appearance of the country is smiling and prosperous, and the transition, on entering the quiet,

grave, and serious streets of the city, with its shady arcades, is very striking. Arrived at the "Tre Mori," Giovanni unpacked his master's trunk, preparing to stay a few days, and Carroll, after strolling out by moonlight to look at the fearful and ugly leaning brick towers, returned to his large and well-appointed chamber, refreshed in body and mind by the beautiful scenes through which he had passed. During the week spent by Carroll in visiting the public and private galleries, so rich in masterpieces of the Bolognese school, he was for some time undecided whether to seek for amusement by travelling, or to resume at once his former habits of study and regular employment. He finally decided to return to Florence, his late home, and gave Giovanni the necessary orders.

"Dear, quiet, bird's-eye view, mind thine own business, Florence! how delighted I am to see thee again," said Carroll, as, approaching the city from the summit of the road, he looked down upon the Val' d' Arno, and beheld "Firenze la bella," set like a jewel on its bosom. The surrounding hill-sides were dotted with villas and *podere*, inclosing olive groves, vineyards, and smiling gardens. The monotony of the

red-tiled roofs was broken by lofty gray towers and spires, among which the Duomo, flanked by the exquisite Campanile, or bell-tower of Giotto, occupied a central position. The Arno, which was unusually full at this season, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, shone like a band of gold dividing the city. It is spanned by three fine stone bridges, one of them the "Ponte alla Trinità," confessedly the finest in the world.

To an American, who, in his own country, witnesses the daily erection of tasteless and expensive buildings to meet the wants of an ever increasing population, nothing can be more impressive than the evidences of the solid wealth accumulated by centuries, presented by a large Italian metropolis. Here was a city, rich in churches, public buildings, and palaces; the construction of which, at the present day, would exhaust the treasury of the wealthiest potentate of Europe. "St. Peter's Church at Rome, alone," remarks Durand, the French architect, "has cost Italy millions upon millions of dollars, years of war, oppression, and tyranny!" The riches of Italy are derived from the labor and wealth of the past. Invested in solid masonry, it remains,

constituting all the appliances of a ready-made civilization. Nations are like men—one generation toils and amasses wealth; the next squanders it in idleness and dissipation. When Carroll thought of the great minds which had contributed to the glory and wealth of Florence, those merchant princes, the Medici, Michel Angelo, Dante, and Galileo—he could not help comparing her, in her present state, to the skeleton of some mighty mastodon, among whose bones jackals, mice, and other vermin were prowling about. The great frame was there, but the life and strength which animated it was departed.

Arriving at the “Porta San Gallo,” Carroll delivered his passport, and received a printed order to call at the *Uffizio del buon governo* for a *carta di soggiorno*—a license to remain in the city, which is required of all foreigners. He then was driven to the Piazza Santa Maria Antonia, where he had hired a floor in one of the best newly-constructed palaces. The court yard, on the ground-floor, had large stables for the accommodation of his carriage and horses. He had furnished the apartments at his own expense, and having left a cook and coach-



man to keep his house while absent, he had the agreeable sensation of returning to a home.

"*Ben trovato, Signor Padrone,*" said his cook, a middle-aged woman, who opened the door to welcome him.

"*Grazie, Teresa;* are you well?—and Guli-elmo, the coachman? the horses, and dogs—all well?"

"*Tutti stanno bene, Signore.* Will the Signore dine?" asked she, speaking after the custom of the Italians to their superiors, in the third person. "Had I known of his coming I should have provided expressly for him; but we have a *pollo in amido*, a good *minestra*, and plenty of fruit, cheese, and wine. I can furnish a *pranzino* in five minutes."

"Thanks, Teresa; I have already dined. I wish Giovanni to prepare me a warm bath, which will be refreshing, after my day's travel. I shall take nothing more to-day, unless some slight refreshment at the Caffè."

Invigorated by his bath, Carroll changed his travelling-dress for another suit, and sauntered forth towards the Caffè Doney.

On his way thither he fell in with an English friend, a gentleman of some fifty years of age.

He was walking leisurely along, followed by a small white terrier slut.

"How are you, Otway?" said Carroll, as he came to his side.

"Carroll, my boy, how are you? So you have been to Venice? Had a nice time? Glad to see you back." Here they exchanged a cordial shake of the hand.

"I am glad to see Tina bright as ever," said Carroll, who knew her master's partiality for the intelligent little dog by his side.

"Thank you; yes, she's very well indeed. By-the-by," said he, stopping with an air of great importance, "Tina has pups."

"No!!" said Carroll, with an air of extreme gratification.

"Fact, sir. One of them is the very image of my poor Tim."

Now Tim was the canine favorite who had preceded Tina in her master's affections. Otway who was a bachelor, having nothing else to love, had taken to dog-fancying, and Tim, being both by breed and training a really fine animal, had entirely engrossed his master's heart. Too much pampering and over-feeding, however, soon ruined his consti-

tution, and at four years of age, he had contracted a severe chronic complaint. His master, who could not bear to see the animal suffer, called in dog doctors, and even regular physicians, to relieve him. After torturing the poor brute by blisters, caustics, &c., for a month or two, they brought in bills to the amount of from ten to fifteen pounds, and the dog died. Otway took this very much to heart, and was for a long time inconsolable. As he was a man of much reading and some talent for poetry, he at last gave vent to his feelings in the composition of three very touching and pathetic sonnets, which he had printed on satin paper, and these he gave as a mark of distinguished attention to those who had known and appreciated Tim. He had made a solemn vow never to have another dog, but an Italian coachman calling one day with Tina (then a puppy) and assuring Otway that she was indubitably a daughter of Tim, he broke his resolution, and purchased the little creature, for the moderate sum of three pounds sterling. She had gradually won his affections, and now that she had presented him with a puppy which might rival his grandfather, he

spoke of the event with unfeigned pleasure and gratification.

Carroll, who thoroughly understood his feelings, and partially sympathized with them, could not repress a smile, on hearing Otway's exultations, which might have been mistaken by a passer by, for gratitude on the birth of a long-desired heir to a noble name.

"Do you know what Powers says of you?" asked he: "He says your love of dogs is nothing but philoprogenitiveness misdirected."

"He be d—d," replied Otway. "I might, with more reason, say that his love of children is only the love of dogs, misdirected."

"Bravo!" said Carroll, laughing heartily. "I hardly know which to admire most, Powers's remark or your rejoinder." "But what has Tina got now," said he, observing that she was scenting some offal in a corner.

"Drop that!" shouted Otway to the dog. She immediately obeyed, and came sneaking to the side of her master, who brought down the full force of a slight rattan, with such effect, that she yelped and howled piteously.

"The nasty brute," said Otway, in quite a passion. "I cannot break her of that habit;

she is carefully fed three times a day, with every thing that is wholesome and nourishing, and yet is always eager to pitch into the first bit of garbage which falls in her way. Dear me, 'stolen waters are sweet, I suppose.'

Observing that the animal continued to whimper and limp a little, his heart softened again, and stooping down to feel of her legs, he began to pat and caress her.

"Poor little Tina," said he, "I do it for your good alone. I could not have my Tina make herself sick and die like poor old Tim. Could I Tina? No! no! Now come along and behave yourself properly."

Tina responded by a wag of the tail, and briskly trotting along, entered Doney's Caffè before them, and quietly settled herself on the seat which her master usually occupied.

Otway and Carroll, following, entered a crowded room, redolent of coffee, hot punch, and cigars. Three sides of the apartment were decorated by large mirrors. Under them ran a continuous line of divans or cushioned seats, in front of which were oblong marble tables—the seats were supplied by movable stools. Small round tables with marble tops,

were grouped together in the centre. In the left-hand corner stood a *comptoir*, where the head waiter received the amount of money due from each customer, musically announced in a loud, shrill singing tone, by the waiters in attendance, "*Sei crazie si prende, due di resto.*" In the right-hand corner, there remained two or three tables unoccupied. It was behind one of these that Tina had ensconced herself upon the divan.

"These Italians are certainly a very polite people," said Otway, taking his seat by Tina's side. "They refrain from coming to this table, having observed that, at this hour, it is usually occupied by a set of foreigners, mostly artists. We now call this the *Artists' Corner*! It is a matter of pride to me to remember that I was the first to take a place here—merely because it was less exposed to draughts of air, which are bad for my rheumatism. You then joined me; and, gradually, the other artists followed. I, who know nothing of art, have founded the '*Artists' Corner*.' We frequently have here the whole bevy of them—Greenough, Powers, Gibson, (who is here on a visit from Rome,) Mozier, Spencer, Kellogg, Tiffany, Rogers, Ives; oh!

a host of others. I enjoy the conversations highly—sometimes artistical, sometimes literary, and sometimes witty and farcical. I have so much idle time, that I thought seriously of commencing a series of ‘*Noctes Ambrosiana*,’ to be made up entirely of conversations noted down every morning, from memory, of the preceding evening. Don’t you think it a good idea? I was discouraged, from the total failure of a similar plan which, I thought, promised even better. You know what a trick artists have of sketching and drawing on these marble tables, whilst they are talking, or sipping their coffee. I have seen hundreds which were full of fun and talent, daily washed out by the waiters on the following morning—so I bought a sketch-book, a pencil, and knife. The first man I saw, beginning to sketch, was politely offered the use of them; I told them all, that I bought the book merely for their accommodation. Will you believe me, during two months that I have endeavored to get them to draw in my book, I have had only two contributors. Perverse fellows!”

“I can easily account for that, replied Carroll; “and you will understand it at once. You, for

instance, have the reputation of having a vein of very original drollery. Suppose a man, on being introduced to you, should say, ' Mr. Otway, I know you are exceedingly witty ; at your own convenience let me hear some of your fun'—it would shut your mouth for the whole evening."

" Yes ; but drawing and talking are such different things," remonstrated Otway.

" Not so very different as you suppose."

" Well, they are a very good set of fellows, take them all in all ; the only bore in our *coterie* is that infernal Plum—his name should be Plumb, for he is as heavy as lead."

" I always thought Captain Plum a very inoffensive man," said Carroll.

" Inoffensive ! yes, so is a donkey ; but he is in the way—he is ignorant and stupid, always telling Joe Miller stories, and making bad jokes. Then he is as stingy as he is rich—I can't abide him."

By this time quite a number of gay, lively, and accomplished young men had arrived, and taken seats at the tables in the "Artists' Corner." Carroll had the pleasure of greeting, cordially, old acquaintances, or of making new ones.

The conversation had taken a literary turn,



and there was an eager discussion as to the comparative merits of sundry authors, when Captain Plum, an Irish half-pay officer, of about sixty years of age, limped into the room, and, taking an empty seat, listened with an expression of puzzled interest.

Otway, who could not lose so favorable an opportunity of bantering the bore, "What book do you prefer, Plum?" asked he.

"My pocket book," said the captain, with the air of a man who has said a good thing.

"You never spoke truer in your life, Plum. I did not know but you would say, with your usually happy originality, that '*the Bible is the best of books.*'"

"Not I," said Plum, with an owl-like gravity. "I consider it one of the most indecent works ever written—it is the last one I would put into the hands of a young person. All the improper thoughts I ever had I can trace to stories in the Bible."

"That is because you hunted them out, you old sinner."

A general roar of laughter, which ran round the table, induced Plum to consider himself worsted, and he maintained a sullen silence.

At this moment the group of laughing artists was approached by an old woman, bowed down and trembling with infirmities.

With a shrill and feeble voice she addressed Plum with a prayer that he would bestow a little alms on a *povera vecchia*.

Without answering her, Plum turned to Otway and said, "There now, Otway, is an attractive object for your generous sympathies."

"She seems needy and helpless," replied Otway, "Will you give her as much as I do?"

"Yes, by G—," said Plum, who though stingy, was purse-proud, and considered this as a challenge.

"Done!" cried Otway, putting his hand in his pocket and clapping on the table two solid silver Francesconi.

Plum turned pale with rage, but instantly followed suit. Carroll and two others caught the infection, and in less than five seconds a pile of ten Francesconi was in front of the old woman. She stood faltering and staring as if she thought they were making themselves merry at her expense.

"Take them, my good woman," said Otway, in the kindest of tones, "they are yours."

With trembling eagerness, she seized the coin and wrapping it carefully in an old handkerchief, she deposited the treasure in her bosom.

"May the blessings of Jesus, the holy Madonna, and all the saints be showered down on your heads—most noble *forestieri*," said she, and turning to leave the Caffè with hurried steps, she raised her palsied hands to heaven, ejaculating: "*Dio Santo!—dieci Francesconi!!!*"

Otway joined but feebly in the loud laugh which followed this irresistibly comic incident, and a tear-drop, which he hastily brushed from the corner of his eye, proved to Carroll that his kind heart had been sensibly moved by the pathetic situation of a poor old creature, so destitute that a gift of a few dollars from those able to spare it, could throw her into a transport of frantic joy.

Grasping his hand warmly, "You have done a good thing," said he, "you have made one poor sufferer perfectly happy."

"By G—, sir," said Plum to Carroll, "I don't call it a *sell* when a man sells himself. The fool and his money are soon parted, I'm thinking."

"In your case, certainly," returned Otway, "for my part, I have had my money's worth."

"Will the Signore take a few matches and enable me to buy a little bread for my mamma," said a sweet and persuasive girlish voice to Carroll.

Turning towards the little mendicant, he was struck by the regularity of her features, and the sweetness of her expression. The contour of her face was faultless, and each feature was chiselled with the greatest delicacy. They were soiled by dirt, it is true, but a rich mantling color glowed beneath it, like the *impasto* of a Titian under its glazing. Her uncombed hair hung in loose, luxuriant curls over her large, wild eyes, giving them a gypsy-like expression. A tattered cloak, thrown carelessly over her left shoulder, completed the picturesqueness of her figure and attitude.

"There's a fine subject for your pencil," said Otway, who was equally struck by her beauty.

"Give me your sketch-book a moment. How many matches must I buy to give your mother some bread?"

"A few *crazie* would be a great deal to me, and very—very little to the rich Signore," she replied.

"And if I should buy a paul's worth, are you sure it would all go for bread for mamma? no cakes or chestnuts for yourself? No! Well, we will see."

Chatting in this way, he had commenced a sketch; Otway, observing this, took up the conversation, asking her how old she was, whether she had any brothers and sisters, &c. and in this way kept her countenance animated, and with a natural expression, for some ten minutes.

By this time Carroll had completed the outline of a charming little sketch, to be finished from memory at leisure.

"That will do my dear," said he, handing her a paul and taking a single bunch of matches. The little girl courtesied her thanks, and went to the opposite side of the Caffè in quest of other customers.

Lighting a cigar, Carroll trimmed his pencil

and began to correct and finish his drawing. A little shading and modelling of the details, with here and there a few effective touches, soon finished an exquisite little drawing, which Otway said, repaid him for the expense of the book, knife, and pencil. It was passed around, and much admired by his brother artists.

A lieutenant of the American navy, who had just entered with one of his countrymen, was extremely pleased and surprised to learn that it had been executed on the spot, and was a very true likeness of a little beggar.

"Where is she," said he, with the rough voice of a sailor. "Call her; if she is as pretty as that, I will buy some of her wares."

"*Pst, Pst, Zolfanelli quà?*" called Spencer, a young English painter, who was quite at home in Italian.

The girl came with her basket, asking who wished any matches.

"Give me a half-paul's worth," said the sailor, with a voice which would serve to order the royals to be taken in, and scrutinizing her face and figure with a look of brutal sensuality.

The young thing instinctively feeling the

difference of his manner from that of Carroll and his friends, blushed, lowered her eyes, and with a confused and awkward air, handed him a few matches, and retired.

"By God," said the disappointed sailor, "if you call that beauty, I must say you artists have queer tastes. Why, I have not had even a half-paul's worth—ha, ha!" Rising with his friend, he soon after left the Caffè, when Otway remarked:—

"Our naval friend evidently has no artist's eye. I begin to think I have, for although there is nothing attractive in dirt and rags, I saw at once that she had real beauty, and suggested her to you as a subject—Eh?"

"True," said Carroll. "It is curious to reflect that those who justly appreciate the beauties of a work of art, whether in painting, poetry, or fiction, have little or no idea of the materials from which it is composed. All would agree as to the impression made upon them by Petrarch's Laura, Dante's Beatrice, or Raphael's Fornarina. They see the image as drawn by the poet's description, or the painter's pencil. But, could the original of these portraits be brought bodily and visibly before us,

I doubt whether any two of us would agree in opinion. Remember the motto which Raphael inscribed over the Fornarina's shop-door: '*Quemque trahit sua voluptas*';—or, as Ben Jonson has translated it: 'Every man in his humor.' The true artist omits all individualities, as exceptions to the general law of nature, and transcribes only what is broad, general, and universal."

"Why," said Otway, with a roguish wink, "even Plum, under able hands, might be idealized into a miser, after the genuine Rembrandt style. A few gray hairs, and a long, silver beard, are all that are wanted to complete the character."

"Well, gentlemen," said Plum, rising, "I wish you a merry evening. Much good may the money we have squandered on that old crone do her. By this time, she is probably guzzling and junketing with the whole of her family. I will venture to bet that in less than a fortnight all of it will be gone, and you will have her back here too happy to get a *crazia* or two."

"Well, Plum," said Otway, "if you will tear yourself away, give us your hand. You don't bear malice, I hope? No? That's right—*good night*—take care of yourself."



"Are you not rather hard upon Plum," said Carroll, after he had gone. "You stir up his eccentricities only to ridicule and laugh at them."

"I suppose I am, but I can't help it; I hate a fool. But not maliciously. I'm always doing things I'm sorry for, and then try to make amends. Didn't you see how warmly I shook him by the hand? Pshaw! his skin is thicker than you are aware of."

Carroll was on the point of leaving, when Otway begged him to remain a few moments longer. "Here comes an *improvisatore*," said he; "sometimes they are comical fellows, and are very amusing."

In the centre of the room, stood a young man of a remarkably smiling and pleasing countenance. In his left hand, he held a strange-looking musical instrument, consisting of a long pole, around which a large gourd was made to revolve rapidly by means of a bow and string, similar to that by which a drill is sometimes driven. When set in motion, it emitted a singular, monotonous note, between that of a bagpipe and a bassoon. He was accompanied by a little girl, rather fantastically dressed, and carry-

ing a tambourine, which served the double purpose of accompanying the other instrument, and of receiving the coin which might be contributed.

“*Signori*,” said the *improvvisatore*, in a loud and musical voice, and speaking with a strong admixture of the Venetian dialect, “I am a poor rhymers from Venice. With your permission, I propose to make remarks and give descriptions of some of the personages of this illustrious company. If I am fortunate enough to describe you rightly, or say any thing appropriate, you will give me the credit of a quick perception and readiness of expression, for I have never had the honor of seeing you before. If, in my attempts to amuse the company, I should make any blunders, or hit hard, you will please to consider them as harmless jokes, and made *soltanto per divertere*.

So saying, he flourished away upon his instrument a prelude, which caused a general roar of laughter; he then began to recite a series of irregular stanzas, each one appropriate to a single individual, whom he selected at random from the crowd. Between the stanzas he would play a short interlude of a few seconds only,

during which he was mentally composing a fresh verse.

Carroll observed that, upon the termination of each verse, shouts of merriment arose from the friends and acquaintances of the party alluded to by the poet. It was evident that, in nine cases out of ten, he had made a good hit.

Among the rest, there was a burly young French officer, lately returned from Algiers, who was standing on one of the back seats, so as to command a view of the scene, and peering over the heads of the others with a face highly flushed by the heat of the upper air, or the hearty laughter in which he had indulged. The *improvvisatore* cast a glance at him, and commenced as follows:—

“Dopo lui vien un altro,  
Che sul banco ritto stà,  
Uniforme port’ addosso  
Ed a il viso molto rosso;  
Sia calore o sia amore,  
Mi par un gallo innamorà,  
Innamorà, innamorà.”

As the young Gaul was suspected of being a gay Lothario, this hit excited roars of laughter. It was even well received by the French-

n himself, who testified his pleasure by  
sing a paul into the tambourine.

He next turned to Carroll, whom he noticed  
follows:—

“ Quel Zoving poi, col viso bello,  
Nascosto sott' il su capello,  
Par dall viazzo un poco stanco,  
Se non isbaglio, è artista,  
Ed un bravo colorista;  
Dalle dame ruba il cuore.  
A me mi pare un Signore  
Di primo rango,  
Di pr-r-rimo rango ! ”

“ That compliment is also worth a paul,”  
said Carroll.

“ It will cost you two,” remarked Otway.  
“ Remember that Italians always expect to be  
paid in proportion to the supposed rank of Sig-  
nori—a student gets *abbonato* at the theatre for  
about thirty pauls; a duke or marquis must  
pay three hundred for the same.”

It was now Otway's turn.

“ Quel altro poi al suo fianco  
Ha un canino, bel e bianco  
A cui carezze spesso fa :  
La sua gran cura e diligenza  
Han dato al can' intelligenza  
Di prima qualità,  
Di prima qualità.”

"As he has had the good sense to compliment Tina instead of her master, I shall give him a couple of pauls, also. Had he wasted his compliments on me, a single *crazia* should have been his reward. Now, if you like, I am ready to go."

As they passed out, they dropped their contributions into the tambourine, which were gratefully acknowledged by a low bow from the poetaster.

The two friends parting at the door, shook hands and exchanging good nights, bent their steps homeward, in opposite directions and with opposite trains of thought. Otway meditating a fourth sonnet to the departed Tim, and Carroll repeating,

"If sometimes in the haunts of men,  
Thine image from my breast may fade,  
The lonely hour presents again  
The semblance of thy gentle shade."

as the image of the fair princess effaced from his memory the varied events of the day.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE ACADEMY.

AN EFFIGY OF A NOTABLE WRITER;  
OR AN F-I-G FOR A *not-able* CRITIC.

THE chapters of a novel, like the acts of a drama, enable the author to pass over any portion of time not essential to the development of the plot. Three months of assiduous application and study of his art, had not only rewarded Carroll with a consciousness of great improvement, but had restored to him his usual serenity and cheerfulness of temper. If the memory of his adventure in Venice was occasionally revived, the events were crowded into so brief a space of time, and were so out of the common order of things, that they seemed to him like a feverish dream from which he had thoroughly awakened. Study occupied his serious thoughts, and exercise and a genial social intercourse with a host of friends, amused and relaxed his mind in moments of leisure.

Towards the middle of December his friend

Spencer called and invited him to join an association of artists and amateurs who proposed to get up a private-life academy for study of the *nudo*—a practice very essential to those who would master a knowledge of the human figure.

“We have some ten or twelve English and Americans,” said he; “and as many more of Italians, French, and Germans. The expenses, divided among us, will be small, and we shall have a nice time—will you join us? or perhaps you prefer going to the opera.”

“Oh, no; I should be sorry to lose so favorable an opportunity to improve, and to make a more familiar acquaintance with my brother artists. What models have you?”

“We have three or four very good ones; the best of them is the Frenchman, known by the *sobriquet* of ‘l’Apollon.’”

“His figure and limbs are very fine,” said Carroll; “what a pity his head is so out of keeping with them. No one, seeing him dressed, would ever imagine him an Adonis.”

“He amused me very much,” replied Spencer, who was an admirable mimic, “by the *naïveté* with which he mentioned the subject

to me, the other day. After discussing the points of his personal beauty, as coolly as if he had been speaking of another person, '*Il faut se connaître,*' said he, '*moi je me connais jusqu'un point. J'ai un beau tronc, des beaux bras, belles jambes, les extrémités délicates et bien formées, la taille svelte et élégante—mais,*'—here he paused—'*mais la tête ignoble ! Voilà !*' "

"He might have said, *la tête d'un singe,*" said Carroll, laughing heartily.

"There is something very amusing in the vanity of these professional models. It is quite natural, however, that they should be proud of being selected by artists on account of their fine forms, good proportions, or some distinguishing grace of person. I met old Vincenzo the other day, and thinking I should like to try my hand at the head of an old man, asked if he could give me a sitting. 'Not this week, Signore,' said he. 'Bezzuoli has done me the honor to engage me as a model for the *Padre Eterno ! Me !*' said he, laying his forefinger upon his breast, to emphasize the compliment. When do we meet ?"

"This evening. I will join you at six, at



Doney's, and we will go together—good morning.”

Punctual to the hour, the two friends repaired to the Academy. A large room, in the upper story of a house in the *Mercato Nuovo* had been hired for the season. Here they found between twenty and thirty members assembled. On one side of the room stood a small platform, on which the model was to pose; overhead was suspended a large lamp of many burners, with a reflector which served to concentrate the light into a strong focus, and to screen it from the eyes of the students. Around the platform, at the distance of some ten or twelve feet, chairs were ranged in a semicircle—each chair had in front a small dining table, with paper, crayons, &c. and a lamp-stand.

Spencer was, by acclamation, appointed pose-master for the week. Selecting a seat for himself and Carroll, “Gentlemen,” said he, “please take your places.” Turning to the model, “*Spogliati*,” or Strip, was the laconic order. Placing in his right hand a long staff, “you will please to consider this as a thyrsus. The action is to be that of a Bacchante reposing after a dance. Something of this sort,”

giving him an idea of the attitude. The model immediately threw himself into an attitude full of grace and expression. "Bravo!" shouted the admiring artists, and gave him a round of applause. They who know the naked human form only by occasional glimpses caught at some-bathing place by the river-side, where, despoiled of the clothing, (which habit has made a second nature,) it moves awkwardly and shrinkingly to and from the water, have no idea of the majesty and beauty of a fine model posing in an effective and graceful attitude. To an artist, nothing is more exciting, than the study of the *nudo*. The strong, artificial light, concentrated upon the figure, throws it into broad masses, infinitely varied by the most subtle details. The gradations from high light, through semi-tints, to shadows and reflexes, are to the painter's eye a most melodious gamut of light, shade, and color. He sees before him a picture, such as was never transferred by the hand of man to canvas. It seems impossible not to catch something of that grace and beauty which grows under his eye, as he endeavors to copy it. His knowledge and facility of handling, increasing almost from

moment to moment, he works assiduously and *con amore*, to the very brink of exhaustion.

Such was the state of feeling by which this little band of enthusiasts was now totally engrossed. For ten or fifteen minutes not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, except the creaking of the crayon, as some experienced draughtsman boldly dashed in his masses of light and shadow. They were all busily engaged in blocking out and correcting their outlines. When this was done, conversation was resumed.

"I shall confine myself to a study of the outlines alone," said Carroll. "This is the essential point, the *sine qua non* of a draughtsman. The shading with chalks is, after all, but idle work, and can be done much better by the brush than the crayon."

"I believe you are right," said Spencer, "but it requires great courage; it is horribly exhausting. It is an exercise I need very much. How I wish I could dash off an outline like young Sabatelli."

"He was the decorator of the *Stanza di Giove*, at the *Pitti*, I believe," asked Carroll.

"Yes! His father, who is an eminent artist,

determined early to make him a fine draughtsman. Every morning, he would give him some cast from nature, or the antique, and with a piece of bread and a glass of water, he would lock him up in his chamber. 'You can make a careful outline of this in two or three hours,' he would say. 'When you have done so, ring the bell, and your work for the day is over.' The boy would very naturally amuse himself for a while by catching flies, or looking out of the window. Finally, however, he became tired of being alone, and would set seriously to work. The consequence of this training was, that at the age of eighteen or nineteen, he could draw with a pen and ink with as much accuracy as most artists do with the crayon. He was sent to Rome to finish his studies. On his first visit to the *Accademia del nudo*, he came with a portfolio, pen, ink, and paper only. Two or three artists, who found it difficult enough to draw with all the appliances of tables, bread to rub out with, &c., were much amused by his seeming audacity, and stood tittering behind him. Without appearing to notice them, he leisurely took his pen, and beginning at the toe, soon dotted out an exquisite

outline of the figure ; by cross-hatching he indicated the masses of shadow. At the end of the evening, he had finished a drawing which looked like a highly-studied engraving. The artists flocked around him in admiration, and seizing him by main force, bore him on their shoulders to the *Caffè Greco*, where they toasted him as the first draughtsman of Italy."

"Glorious!" exclaimed Carroll.

"Mr. Carroll," said young Holland, "who had just had a short discussion on some matter of art, with an Italian at the other end of the room, "I suppose you have read Mr. Ruskin's books. What do you think of them?"

"Shall I tell you candidly?" said Carroll, who had overheard enough of the conversation to perceive that Holland's ideas were somewhat obfuscated by the æsthetical dogmas of this self-constituted judge. "I think that Ruskin has done more harm to Art than can be repaired by the writings of all the best critics in England."

"Seriously? You must confess that he has an exquisite style."

"And for that very reason. He has the art to make 'the worse appear the better cause.'

He is full of sophistries and contradictions. As a lawyer, he would have made an excellent special pleader, and as a clergyman, he would have been distinguished for his eloquence and the hair splitting of his fine-spun metaphysics ; but in art he has no knowledge, and I am convinced that he has no capacity for understanding its first principles. How beautifully Sir Joshua Reynolds proves that there is a standard of taste, and that it is to be found in the consenting verdict of the universal voice of the civilized world ! It is to this alone that Homer and Shakspeare owe their glorious fame. Now observe how widely this upstart critic differs from Sir Joshua. Since the day when the clown, reclining under the shade of an oak inveighed against the established order of nature, no one has equalled the plausibility with which he has brayed forth doctrines and arguments to prove that the rank and position assigned to the old masters by the universal consent of centuries, ought to be reversed. By him the pigmy names of Titian, Tintoret, Paul Veronese, Poussin, and Claude, are condemned to trail in dust and dirt on the ground, while the pumpkin gran-

deur of Turner is elevated to the tree-top. He has blasphemed all our household gods and set up new idols. His Seven Lamps of Architecture is the greatest farrago of nonsense ever written. Take, for instance, the chapter called, if I remember rightly, the 'Lamp of Expense,' in which he argues that in buildings of a religious character, the employment of materials of great rarity and cost, as indicating a voluntary sacrifice, constitutes a corresponding merit in the work. Judging by this rule, the Medicean Chapel, with its costly mosaics, frescoes, and fretted marbles, must rank above the Laurentian Chapel, with the severely Doric architecture and sublime sculpture of Michel Angelo. Can anything be more absurd? He has written, I grant, much that is new, and much that is true—unfortunately, all that is true is not new, and all that is new is not true. I am not aware of a single precept or remark, in all that I have had the patience to read, which can be of the slightest practical use to an artist."

"Oh," said Spencer, "he is an ass, and ought to be hung or burned in effigy."

"Why, how is it, then," asked Holland, "that *he enjoys* so high a reputation?"

“Simply,” said Carroll, “because his readers and admirers are made up of that class of people who know nothing of art. His verbiage ‘leaves them with admiration in their mouths and vacancy in their hearts.’ With artists he has no authority. His errors have been clearly demonstrated by able critics in England, but to write him down you must write two lines for every one of his. ‘*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*’”

The academy broke up at half-past eight, and Spencer remarking that the late unusual cold had frozen the Arno, proposed that they should seize the opportunity of enjoying an unusual and rare sport, namely, that of skating. “You, Carroll, must be a skater, will you join us?”

“With all my heart, but I regret I have no skates. I never dreamed of skating in Florence.”

“I have a pair at your service. There are a number of English here, who often skate on the Ghiacciaia, outside of the walls. My room is in a central position, and they keep their skates there—we will drop in, on our way.”



It was a fine, moonlight evening, and some ten or twelve English and Americans having fitted themselves with skates, at Spencer's room, made at once for the Arno. Observing that Spencer was collecting some old summer clothing, Carroll asked what he was going to do.

"Keep dark!" replied he; "we will have some merry sport, this evening."

The skaters were followed by nearly all the members of the academy—all eager to witness the sport, especially the Italians, who expressed great curiosity to see the "*Inglese ballare sul ghiaccio*."

Their skates were soon adjusted, and a bonfire was kindled in the centre of the river. Spencer, who was the life and soul of the evening's sport, dispatched two young *birrichini* to a neighboring cook-shop, to purchase a couple of pair of fowls, which he spitted on two stakes, and told the boys to roast them at the fire. Calling to a third boy, who looked wistfully on, "*Oh, bimbo*," said he, "go and buy me a half-paul's worth of straw, and a little twine; make haste, and you shall have a *crazia* and a bit of chicken."

The boy returned in a few minutes, and Spencer soon contrived to stuff the clothes he had brought into a very respectable image of a man. An old hat, jammed down upon the head, gave to the figure a comical air of reality.

"These bands," said Spencer, adjusting a couple of slips of paper to the neck-cloth, "are typical of the sanctimonious cant, by means of which Ruskin imposes on bigoted old women, leading them to suppose that he is descanting learnedly on art, while he is only retailing bits worthy to figure in some country parson's sermon."

"So, then, that is an effigy of Ruskin. *Cosa fa*, Spencer," asked one of the Italians.

"This, Signore," said Spencer, in Italian, "is the effigy of an ass of an English critic, who has written a big work to prove that Titian, Paul Veronese, and all the old masters, were poor daubers, in comparison with one Turner, a water-color painter."

"*Oh! che asinaccio!*" exclaimed the Italian, "*lo tratteremo da Giuda, traditore dell' arte*"—"We will treat him like Judas, as a traitor to art."

If the reader has ever been in an Italian or Spanish sea-port, on Good Friday, when the sailors amuse themselves on board of their vessels by maltreating the effigy of Judas Iscariot, he can form some idea of the sport which followed. Carroll and Spencer, each taking the figure by an arm, skated around, dragging it along between them. The others followed, skating or running behind, bestowing kicks and cuffs without mercy. "*Abbasso, il Giuda Rooschino!*" shouted the Italians. Poor Ruskin was dropped, and kicked from one party to another, like a foot-ball—shouts of laughter arose not only from those who were enjoying the sport, but from the crowds of spectators who lined the *Lung' Arno*, and watched their proceedings. The police, ever on the alert, seeing the clerical bands, began to fancy that some insult to the priesthood was intended. Spencer soon quieted their apprehension by assuring them, gravely, that they were playing the game of Judas only, after the English fashion—and invited them to join. They were soon the most active participants in the sport, until the figure, beginning to lose

its shape, was consigned to the flames amidst hoots, hisses, and groans from all sides.

Carroll retired, leaving Spencer cutting up and dispensing hissing portions of roast fowl and bread, which were washed down by copious draughts of Florentine wine.

## CHAPTER III.

## ALLSTON.

A FEW days afterwards, as Carroll was crossing the Pitti Square, he remembered that he owed a call in that neighborhood. A week or two previously, he had been employed in making a study from a Giorgione, in the Gallery of the Uffizii. An elderly gentleman of a very pleasing address, after complimenting his work, remarked, "I perceive that you are an admirer of Giorgione. I am a Venetian, and consider myself fortunate in the possession of two very fine pieces from his hand, besides some Titians, Paul Veroneses, and others, which you may think worthy of examination. Perhaps you would do me the favor to call. He then gave a card with his name and address :

"L' ABBATE BELOTTI,

Piazza Pitti, 94,

Primo Piano."

Ringling at the *portone*, the shrill voice of a female domestic was heard to ask, "*Chi è?*" on his giving the usual answer, "*Amici*," the door was opened by the jerk of a cord connected with the upper story, and Carroll entered. Passing up a flight of stairs, he found the Abbate's name. Here he rung again and the door was opened by the Abbate himself.

He was a tall, thin, and spare man of about sixty-five years of age, dressed in a genteel suit of black, and wearing a small black velvet skull-cap fitting closely to his silvery head.

"Delighted to see you, Signore—pray, be seated." After a few common-place remarks, the old man kindly pointed out what he considered the gems of his collection. Carroll was warm in the expression of his admiration, which went directly to the Venetian's heart. He was proud of his pictures, as well he might be. Although a poor priest, he had late in life inherited art treasures, which a prince might envy. With a highly cultivated taste and knowledge of art, they were in his eyes of inestimable value, and yet the increasing wants of old age made it necessary from time to time, to sell off a favorite specimen to

meet his exigencies. On these occasions he would take to his bed, and starve himself for two or three days, when he would at length send for some dealer and part with a picture, with as much reluctance as if it were the last tooth in his head, at less than half of its real value.

"I congratulate you on the wealth of your possessions. I have seldom seen so brilliant and choice a collection."

"Alas! yes," replied he, "I am aware of their intrinsic value, but at my age, and with my little knowledge of business matters, I have been obliged to sacrifice them cruelly. I came to Florence in the hopes of finding *forestieri*, with taste and money enough to purchase my pictures at prices which would give them bargains and relief to my wants. Thus far, I have been the victim of sharpers and speculators. If the Signore has friends who are able to buy fine pictures, I hope he will deign to remember me."

"My countrymen are seldom blessed with colossal fortunes," said Carroll. "The English are much more likely to become purchasers. At what price do you estimate this Titian?"

"Does the Signore think eight hundred *scudi* an extravagant price?" asked the Abbate with a timid and inquiring look.

"By no means! and if you are ready to part with it at that price, I shall be most happy to make the acquisition."

The Abbate grasped his hand, and said, 'You shall have it, were it worth ten times the sum, because you have praised it, instead of depreciating it as dealers never fail to do. Whenever I have sold a picture to a dealer, I fancy myself Gil Blas endeavoring to sell his horse. "*Combien prétendez vous pour ce vil animal là?*" is the keynote of their haggling."

"I will confess to you candidly, that I think it worth much more money."

"You have a bargain, Signore, a great bargain, but I am satisfied and grateful. Eight hundred *scudi* will last me a long, long time." The Venetian manner and dialect in which the old man spoke, recalled to Carroll's memory the late singular adventure in Venice, which he had endeavored to banish from his mind. Informing the Abbate that he had visited Venice during the last summer, he spoke



with enthusiasm of its richness in architecture and paintings. He asked questions relating to some of the notable families, and in the course of the conversation, he carelessly remarked that the handsomest woman he had seen there was (as he had learned on inquiry) the Princess Zerlinski.

"Ah! I believe you," said the old man, with sparkling eyes, "and as good as she is beautiful, she is an angel."

"Really," said Carroll, with some surprise, "I was given to understand, I know not on what authority, that she was a *donna capriciosa*, and noted for her gallantries."

"Shameful," said the Abbate, indignantly. "This is only a specimen of that scandalous gossip which invariably attaches itself to the name of every woman remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. The princess has honored me with her esteem and friendship. I know her to be possessed of every grace and virtue. It is true, she has had many admirers; a woman of her beauty, neglected by her husband, is always exposed to impertinent advances from the vain and frivolous. By her uniform dignity and talent she has

been enabled to keep such men at a distance, and their disappointed self-love may have revenged itself by the invention and promulgation of vile calumny. Some two or three years since she gave her hand to the Prince Zerlinski, a man of high rank and fortune. They were no sooner married than he treated her with shameful neglect. She soon found that she could not love him, and ceased even to respect him. He was a strange combination of two very opposite characters—a most penurious miser and a sensual libertine. Finding herself denied the sympathy and kindness which she had craved and expected to find in matrimony, she has for the last two years lived as completely separate from her husband as if they were total strangers. And yet she has preserved her name unsullied and spotless. I have frequently been her almoner, and have known her in cases of peculiar distress, to give her own time and personal services with a cheerfulness and devotion worthy a martyr. Oh, no! no! no! Signore Carroll, never believe these calumnies, take the word of an honest old man, who is not easily deceived.”

Carroll shook him by the hand with sincere and undisguised pleasure. The princess had been reinstated in his estimation. It was flattery to his self-love to believe, that the passion which she had felt for him was truly of the heart, and sincere. He made allowances for the difference of customs and religion between them, and wondered that he could have judged her so harshly. He blushed to think that jealousy and suspicion had made him appear in her eyes ungrateful, if not boorish. Suddenly it occurred to him, that the falsehood of which she had been guilty, when she had informed him, in direct terms, that her husband was dead, was hardly in accordance with the character which the Abbate had ascribed to her. "Heigh-ho!" sighed he, "this is a strange world we live in!"

On his way homeward, Carroll met Spencer. "Ah, Spencer, how comes on your new picture, '*The Vendemmia*?'"

"Confound it!" said Spencer, who was more remarkable for a lively versatility of talent than for diligent perseverance, "I have got into a mess this morning, and have left it for sight-seeing. I find it always refreshes my eye to

look at fine pictures. Have you ever seen Bruce's collection?"

"No. Who is Bruce?"

"A rich, old English painter. He has a very fine collection which you ought to see. Besides, he is quite a character. The old man is very happy to have his pictures seen by good judges, and I will introduce you. He has lived so long in Italy, that he is quite denationalized. He is constantly railing at the English, and praising the Italians. He has adopted all their vices, most particularly that of lying. His mind is of that peculiar order which sees everything through such an exaggerating medium, that in the narration of an actual fact, he embellishes to such a degree, that he makes it entirely different. He tells a lie with so much minute and circumstantial detail, that he is seldom suspected. The other day, at the Caffè, he was as usual railing his countrymen, when I remarked, that in the mechanic arts they were very superior to the Italians."

"To those of the present day, I grant you," said he; "because they are ground down by poverty and oppression. It was a different state of things under the Medici."

"I was alluding to the common conveniences of life," said I; "their hardware, such as hinges, window-fastenings, and locks and keys."

"Ah!" said Bruce, drawing from his pocket the key of a strong box, which he had imported from England only two months before, "there is the key of an old cabinet, designed by Orgagna. The workmanship is perfect, and the temper of the steel such that it looks as if it had been used only a couple of months, instead of as many centuries."

"That is very extraordinary," said I, "it looks like an English key."

"And full two hundred years old!" continued he, bending his head forward, and looking me directly in the eye, as he always does, when he tells a thumper.

"What an amusing character," said Carroll. "You say he is rich; did he make a fortune by his profession?"

"He has always commanded high prices for his paintings; but he has made the most of his money by dealing in pictures. He visited Spain in the train of one of Bonaparte's generals, who depended much on his judgment and skill. It is said that he took occasion to feather

his own nest very well. He has a wonderful eye for discerning the real merits of an old picture, which many good judges would pass by as rubbish. He knows all the picture-dealers, and has the first sight of their wares. Whenever he purchases for a few *scudi* a picture, which turns out to be worth a thousand, he will call a day or two after, and say, "That picture which I bought of you for two *scudi*, I sold to a block-head of an Englishman for one hundred. It is fair that you should share the profits with me; here are fifty *scudi* for you." In this way, he is hand and glove with them all. At this moment he has many really choice specimens of the old masters. Among them, a Leonardo da Vinci, two Raphaels, two Paul Veroneses, a Correggio, and a Giorgione.

By this time they had arrived at the *portone* of a large and signorial-looking palace, situated in a street so dark and narrow, that it seemed strange to find such a building in such a site; but Carroll, following Spencer, observed that the rear of the palace faced the south, and abutted upon a large garden filled with fine shrubs and blooming flowers, although it was now nearly January.

"Bruce made a capital purchase here," said Spencer; "he paid only seven thousand *scudi* for this palace, which must have cost at least sixty thousand."

They found the old man in his library, with his back to a large sunny window, reading the morning's *Galignani*. On a table, by his side, stood a silver coffee-service and a huge gold snuff-box.

"Delighted to see you, and to make the acquaintance of your friend," said he, when Carroll was presented as an American artist. "Will you take a cup of coffee? To me it is the grand staple of life—it is a panacea for every thing. If I am indolent, a cup of coffee excites me, and makes me work *con amore*; if I am jaded and fatigued, a cup of coffee refreshes and restores my spirits."

As they were sipping their coffee, he remarked, "I wish you had been here sooner; that little thing," pointing to a poor, starved, dispirited looking nightingale, "has, for the last two hours, been singing as if it would split its little throat; but now, she has once stopped, nothing could induce her to sing again."

"Indeed," said Spencer; "I had an idea that the nightingale sang only at night."

"In their wild state, perhaps," said Bruce; "but domestication reverses the habits of all birds and animals—so I was assured by Buffon, or some other great naturalist."

Here Spencer gave Carroll a wink, which seemed to say, "that's out of the whole cloth."

"You are an American, you say," said he. "Did you happen to know an old friend of mine, Washington Allston?"

"Very well," said Carroll; "I owe to him all the really valuable knowledge of my art which I have. From his conversation and advice I have derived information which has saved me much vain labor and groping in the dark."

"I make no doubt of it. Allston was not only a thorough artist, but a most accomplished gentleman and scholar. His manners were those of a nobleman. Etiquette sat upon him like a familiar every-day garment, rather than a stiff holiday suit, as is too often the case. We were inseparable; at Rome, my dear sir, they called us Damon and Pythias."

He then conducted them into an adjoining apartment, where Carroll was astonished to find,



in the possession of a private gentleman, pictures which a monarch might covet. He was loud in his praises, which were so just and discriminating, that he won the heart of the old man, who was now in high spirits.

"It is a great pleasure to show my pictures to good judges. Nine out of ten of the English who come here, (d—n their souls,) look upon them with open mouths,"—here he let drop his lower lip, and threw a look of stolidity into his expression, which was a most ludicrous caricature of the English manner—"and as cold an eye, be God, as if they were choosing a haddock in the fish-market!" He rattled on in this vein, interlarding his satirical remarks with oaths and curses, which showed Carroll that, in this respect at least, he was a gentleman of the old school.

The Rev. Mr. Sparrow was announced. "My dear sir," said Bruce, taking his hand, and speaking in the mildest and blandest of tones, "how very kind of you to do me this pleasure."

Carroll was admiring the Leonardo da Vinci, and pointed out to the clergyman some of its beauties.

"Ah, my dear sir," said Bruce, "it is a genuine Leonardo; I was offered, in exchange for it, a palace worth twelve thousand *scudi*; but it is time for me to be thinking of a palace on high."

There was something so ludicrous in the contrast between this little speech and the cursing and swearing which had preceded the entrance of the reverend gentleman, that Carroll could scarcely repress his laughter, as Spencer gave him a sharp nudge with his elbow.

Mr. Sparrow made a very short call. "Pray, be seated," said Bruce, when he had gone. "I want to talk to you about Allston."

"Mr. Bruce," asked Spencer, "have you any objection to my making a slight sketch of this composition?"

"On the contrary, you are very welcome."

While Spencer was busily engaged with his sketch-book, Bruce resumed, "Mr. Allston is no longer alive, I believe."

"He died some five years ago. His death was an irreparable loss to our artists. He was so kind, and ready to impart his knowledge, that he was worshipped as the king and master. His words had the double weight of

persuasion and authority; and it was impossible not to feel that his merit was equal to his modesty. I shall always consider it as the greatest privilege of my life to have known him."

"Did he leave many works?" asked Bruce.

"Not a great number. But, considering the finished and varied character of them, and the amount of study required to produce them, he must be considered not only an industrious, but a prolific painter."

"He ought to have remained in England," said Bruce. "I cannot help thinking, that he made a mistake in leaving a country, where he twice received the first prize from the National Institute, and where his reputation had been established by such pictures as he painted for Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Egremont, and the Marquis of Stafford. These pictures were all of the highest order, and all new, original, and distinctive creations. What is the character of the works he left in America?"

"They are as varied in their character as the pieces you have just mentioned. Landscapes, cabinet pieces, and ideal heads. Although he spoke of these works as of minor importance,

we must judge him by these principally, for the large picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*, the grand object of his life and ambition, was not only never finished, but presents a combination of two different designs; the first half erased, and the second only partially executed, so that an artist alone can comprehend its real beauties and merits. I have often wished that I could see one of his finest heads, such as that of *Beatrice, Rosalie, or Isaac of York*, placed by the side of one of the old masters. His drawing is so fine, his coloring so rich and harmonious, and his tone so mellow, that I cannot doubt that they would hold their own, as we say."

"When I knew him," said Bruce, "he was completely absorbed in studying the processes by which the master colorists produced their effects. Did he continue this eager study, or had he settled down into a regular system?"

"During the last fifteen or twenty years of his life, he had worked upon a system which seemed to him not only philosophical, but in accordance with the practice of the best masters. I shall never forget the world of light which burst upon me, when he first explained to me its principles."

"Let us hear it," said Spencer, eagerly. "Some other time. I fear that such prosaic details, however interesting to us students, must be exceedingly uninteresting to an old artist like Mr. Bruce."

"Not at all," said Bruce. "An artist is always interested in these subjects, and the various modes by which different painters produce their effect, have always a peculiar charm for me."

"My system of coloring," said Allston to me one evening, 'is one which I have practised for nearly twenty years. I am perfectly satisfied with it, because it is capable of producing more varied effects than my life will ever allow me to put in practice. To give you a clear idea of my method, I must first explain my theory. You are aware, that light is composed of three primitive colors—yellow, red, and blue. The mixture of any two of these forms the *binary* colors—orange, purple, and green. The admixture of all three forms the *tertians*, which vary from one another, only by a predominance of different portions of the ingredients. Olive, russet, citrine, and maroon, are all neutral, excepting so far as some one or two of the

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previous colors predominate. Now, you must have observed, that in natural objects, a positively pure yellow, red, or blue, is never to be found. The harmonious variety of a landscape arises from a combination of an infinite number of broken colors. It is still more remarkable in the coloring of the human flesh. In the finest complexion there is no positive color. The mass of light, the middle tints, and shadows, all show a prevalence of the three colors. These are partly local, as the red of the lips and cheeks, and the blue of a vein, and partly prismatic, as the warmth of a reflex, or the cool, bluish tint which joins the shadow. They glow with a brilliancy which it seems almost impossible to imitate with our opaque pigments. When these pigments are ground together by the pallet-knife, a dull neutral hue is made, which bears no resemblance to the sparkling and tender tint of flesh. And now, for my method. I prepare my pallet with the three primitive colors—yellow, red, and blue, in their natural order, with white at the top of the scale, and black at the bottom. For yellows, I employ Naples yellow, or either of the ochres; for red, vermilion and Indian red, and ultra-

marine for my blue. By the mixture of white with each of the primitive colors, I make three grades of tints, which, with the pure pigment, form a regular scale of four notes. These I call virgin tints. Lastly, taking pure yellow, red, and blue, I mix them to a neutral color, which may be called olive. A little Indian red and black, serve to deepen the tone of this olive, when required. Having carefully sketched in a head, I paint all the positive shadows with olive, in a good solid body, the half tints I go over more slightly, so as to get up the general effect of *chiaroscuro*. Taking on my brush a little of the lowest of each of the virgin tints, I mix them gently on my pallet, and paint into my shadows. A like mixture of the next higher tints, fill in the half tints, and the highest occupy the place of the mass of light. You will understand, of course, that in the mixture of these hues, I use less blue than red and yellow. It is true that blue is used in every part of the face, but there is a predominance of red and yellow, which imitates the warmth of flesh color.

“‘ Having prepared my head in this manner, I blend the colors with a softener, and then

compare my head with the model; if the lips and cheeks want color, I break in pure red of the requisite grade. If the reflexes are too neutral, red and yellow combined give them warmth. In the same way, some portions require to be cooled by breaking in blue. These positive tints, broken into a neutral ground, have a wonderful sparkle and brilliancy owing to the contrast. One is surprised to see the canvas glow with hues which rival real flesh. The reason is obvious, the mixture of the colors by means of the brush instead of the knife, has been only a partial one. A microscope would show small particles of each of the three colors perfectly pure. This gives a peculiar tenderness of tone like that of shot, or changeable silks, in which a hue is produced by placing in juxtaposition a combination of pure colors, instead of a general dye of one. This tender and glowing tone constitutes that appearance of internal light which Titian calls the '*luce di dentro*.'

"By Jove," said Spencer, "there must be a great deal in that—you must teach me this method."

"With all my heart. Allston told me he



got the first idea of this system from a remark of Hazlitt's, who was at that time a painter. They were in the Louvre, examining a Titian. Hazlitt was endeavoring to look through the glazing at the rich *impasto* underneath. 'Look here Allston,' said he, 'the colors do not appear to be mixed with a knife—he seems to have *twiddled* them together, in a most mysterious manner.' 'I don't know,' said Allston, when relating the anecdote, 'whether the word *twiddled* is as significant to you as it was to me. It gave me the idea of keeping my tints pure, and catching them up on the end of the brush, and painting with them in that state. Previously, I had never been able to produce any flesh to satisfy my eye.'

"What I have described," said he, "relates only to the use of solid body colors, which constitute what the Italians call *impasto*. It is the groundwork, and the grand essential of all good pictures. I endeavor to complete this at one sitting. Every thing is at first kept broad and vapory. The final touches of high lights, and sharp touches of shadow, as at the corners of the mouth, the parting of

the lips, the nostrils, &c. give the life and animation. When the picture is dry, the Italians consider it finished. But I look upon it as only the beginning of my work. I usually give it a slight glaze of asphaltum, just enough to lower the tone a trifle. By means of glazing or painting over certain portions with transparent colors, I not only heighten the brilliancy of the tints, but model up the details with a degree of finish which cannot be attained in a fresh *impasto*. I mix Roman ochre, Indian red, and ultramarine, to a neutral tint, which I call Titian's dirt, and find very useful in modelling up detail.

“The power of glazing when used to heighten the brilliancy of color, is almost marvellous. Take for instance, a canvas and paint it as black as you can make it with solid colors. When it is dry glaze one half of it with repeated coats of asphaltum and blue, and you will find that the unglazed portion will seem slate colored by its side. I am amazed at the stupidity of the modern Italian academies, who hold that a painter is estimable just in proportion to his power to paint without the aid of glazing. I should as soon think of say-

ing that the *improvvisatore* was your only true poet."

"Ah," said Bruce, "it only shows what mischief academies have done to art. I have seen letters of the last century, (you will find many such in Ticozzi's collection of 'Letters by the Old Masters,') in which a well preserved *patina*, or glazing, is insisted on as the highest and crowning merit of a picture. The present directors of the academies and galleries ignore it altogether. Since I have been in Italy, it has been my fate to see several fine masterpieces utterly ruined by injudicious cleaning. There was at the Pitti a magnificent portrait of Rembrandt in armour, painted by himself. It was very solidly painted and so richly glazed that it shone like a jewel. The other day I found that it had been ex-coriated, all the *patina* had been scoured down and the *impasto* was as tame as a picture on a tea-tray. Titian's *Flora* is another instance of the same treatment. Your account of Allston's method has interested me very much. In my line which is landscape-painting, I find many precepts and methods which are analogous to his method, and there can be no

doubt that his theory is sound and true. You seem to understand it so well, that I promise myself great pleasure in looking at your works, if you will allow me that favor."

"I shall consider it a great honor if you will favor me with your criticisms," replied Carroll, rising to take leave.

Bruce shook the young men by the hand; and, showing them to the door, he remarked that the quiet artistic chat which they had enjoyed had revived him. "I was, at first, quite exhausted, by a crowd of visitors, who have been this morning to see my pictures. For two long hours the street was completely blocked up with carriages. Two Russian princesses, a dozen marquises and counts, besides a host of ladies, made a constant stream of visitors. Good-morning."

When they had descended to the street, the two friends could not restrain their merriment. "What an original character!" said Carroll.

"The old man," replied Spencer, "with all his covetousness and worldly-mindedness, has a deep and sincere love of art. He has seen much of the world, and is often instructive, and always amusing."

"Do you know," said Carroll, "that, at first, I had a strange feeling as if I had met him before; his voice and manner seemed like those of an old acquaintance. I knew this was impossible, and I felt as if I were in a dream. When he spoke of Allston, it suddenly flashed upon me that Allston (who was a capital mimic) had spoken to me of Bruce, as an eccentric and amusing character, and had imitated his voice and manner. This explained the whole mystery at once, and I felt quite prepared for what was coming. I remember Allston's speaking of a letter which Bruce wrote him from London, in which he said he had 'seen a fine picture, by Sir Joshua, painted by damned dishonest means.' He was, at that time, a great stickler for the Italian method of coloring, though he afterwards laid aside his prejudices, and became (as Allston said) a fine colorist.

"As an instance of his utter want of truth, he told me that, when in Rome, Bruce had a buxom young housekeeper, (a *mistress* in fact rather than a servant.) She was an intelligent and lively creature, for whom all the artists who visited there had a great

regard and kindness. Meeting Bruce in London, one day on his return from Rome, Allston asked after Caterina. 'Poor thing,' said Bruce, 'she died, last winter, of the Roman fever.' Allston was quite shocked, and expressed great sorrow. 'I had become much attached to her,' said Bruce, 'and could not bear to stay in Rome, so here I am.' A few days afterwards Allston met an artist who had been a common friend of Bruce and himself, 'I am very much shocked to hear the sad news of poor Caterina,' said he. On his friend's inquiring to what he alluded, Allston related what Bruce had told him, 'It's the damnedest lie that was ever uttered,' indignantly exclaimed his friend. 'I saw her only three weeks ago; Bruce deserted her most shamefully, and turned her off without a penny. I myself lent her five dollars to support her till she could get a place.'"

"The old rascal!" said Spencer; "I had not thought him capable of such an act. There is one funny thing about him—you can never nail a lie upon him, he is so sly. He is what Goldoni calls a regular '*piantatore di carote*.'\*" About a month ago I was at his

\* A planter of carrots, in Italian, signifies a liar. See Goldoni's "*Bugiardo*."

house just before dinner, and he invited me to stay; I declined, saying that I had something to do at home. 'I am very sorry,' said he, 'I have only a friend to dine with me to-day, an Italian priest, for whom I have a great regard. My cook has prepared a fine sturgeon and a brace of fat capons, stuffed with chestnuts and olives.' A malicious idea of seeing how he would account for the absence of these dishes, which, I felt convinced, existed only in his imagination, caused me to consider myself pressed. 'Really, Mr. Bruce,' said I, 'your bill of fare is so inviting, that I will accept your kind invitation.' 'You shall be very welcome,' said he. In less than five minutes his friend came, and dinner was served. By Jove, sir, there was not only the sturgeon and capons, but a peacock, *piqué*, with the tail-feathers on, crowned the splendid dinner. I must have shown some surprise, for, as each dish was put on the table, he would give me one of those queer looks which remind me of the eye of a horse or dog, which look around, but not at you."

"I have observed that expression of his eye," said Carroll.

"The old man was in high spirits; and, tow-

ards the end of the dinner, when well primed with wine, told a number of cock-and-bull stories about himself and Benjamin West, with whom, by the way, he was well acquainted, if not a pupil at one time. At last, he spoke of a compliment which Sir Joshua Reynolds had paid him when about twenty-five years of age. I was struck with amazement. 'Surely, sir,' said I, 'you must mean some other painter; Sir Joshua died in 1792.' 'My dear sir,' replied he, 'there is no reliance to be placed on English biography, particularly those of artists. To my own certain knowledge, Sir Joshua died full ten or fifteen years later than is stated in any life of him. And moreover, my young cock,' said he with a hiccup, 'I am a much older chicken than you would imagine.'"

"Splendid!" said Carroll, who could not restrain his laughter at the style in which Spencer had imitated the inimitable original.

As it was now dinner time, the two friends parted.



## CHAPTER IV.

## A CHALLENGE.

IN the afternoon of the following day, Carroll rode to the Cascine, or Dairy Farm of the Grand Duke, the much frequented resort of the Florentine fashionables and idlers. Bounding the walls of Florence on one side, this farm or public garden extends to a distance of two or three miles into the country. Like the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, or the Prater of Vienna, it is laid out in fine roads, walks, and by-paths, among forests, meadows, and gardens. In a central position, a villa of fine proportions stands on one side of an open square, surrounded by large forest trees.

This is the rendezvous of the riders and pedestrians who frequent the Cascine. At about an hour or two before sunset it is filled with equipages, standing in regular file, or moving slowly around, to give the ladies an

opportunity of chatting together, or to receive visits and compliments from the gentlemen.

Avoiding this public resort, Carroll took the road by the riverside, and trotted on towards the Pheasant Preserves and the Labyrinth, a large grove laid out with winding walks and intricate mazes, in imitation of the fabled structure from which it takes its name. Halting, at a short distance from it, he gave his horse to Giovanni, and, dismounting, he entered the Labyrinth, and amused himself by threading its alleys.

It was not without reason that he had chosen this secluded place for his walk. On the preceding evening, at the Ducal Opera House, he was surprised to see the Princess Zerlinski, seated in the box of the Corsini. Carroll was pained to observe a change in her appearance. Although her features were as beautiful as ever, they wore an expression of apathetic sadness. He was so situated that, from his seat in the *platea*, he could observe her without being seen. In the rear of the box, a young French officer was conversing with a lady; he was soon presented to Princess Zerlinski, and was evidently endeavoring to make himself agreeable. Car-

roll was pleased to observe that she received his very marked attentions with coldness, if not with hauteur—and the Frenchman soon rose, with the piqued air of one who has failed to make a sensation. Young Spencer, at this moment, joined Carroll, and was loud in his admiration of the stranger, whom he pointed out to Carroll, as a beauty that had this evening attracted great attention.

“She is very handsome,” said Carroll, carelessly. “Who is the officer who has just been conversing with her?”

“It is the Count de Poignard, cavalry officer in the French army. He has just returned from Algiers, where he has won laurels by his bravery. He has the reputation of having great courage, but is somewhat proud and overbearing, if not a bit of a bully.”

Carroll had avoided the walks and drives from a fear of meeting the princess in public, which he felt would place him in an embarrassing situation; but, like a moth fluttering around the candle by which his wings had been scorched, he was irresistibly drawn to the neighborhood of a spot where he thought her most likely to be. As he wandered through

the paths of the Labyrinth, he had a presentiment that, like Æneas in Hades, he should meet the shade of his Dido, and that she would look upon him mournfully and reproachfully. At a sudden turn of a walk he found himself face to face, not with a shade, but with the fair princess herself.

"*Ernesto!*" said she, extending her hand, with her face glowing with radiant joy and pleasure. Her manner was so cordial and so different from what he had anticipated, that he felt a thrill of happiness, as raising her hand to his lips, he replied:—

"*Ben trovata, Sofia!*"

After silently gazing upon his face for a few moments her expression became sad and melancholy. "Have I then loved a thing without a heart," asked she, with a low faltering voice, "it must be so; or you could not have deserted me so cruelly, leaving behind you stinging and bitter reproaches—implying that I had been guilty of wilful and deliberate falsehood—had you given me an opportunity I could have explained to you that some of your suspicions were totally unfounded.

"When I spoke of having lost my husband,

I only meant to imply that he was lost to me. Though alive, he has been dead to me from the very day when I first bore his name. My mysterious meeting with you, and the new sensation which your presence awakened in my heart, led me to believe that Providence had interposed to atone for my previous sufferings. The sisterly interest which I first felt for you, soon ripened into a warmer passion, and I gave to you all I had to bestow. I gave my heart in all sincerity and truth—you rejected it in scorn." Here tears began to flow fast, and her words were interrupted by convulsive sobbing.

"Am *I* alone of all God's creatures denied the pleasures of sympathy and love? While all around me are happy, am I condemned to bury my heart in a living tomb? Ah, Ernest, your religion is too stern and cruel. Embrace our holy Catholic faith, and you shall find that "its yoke is easy and its burden light."

"Never!" exclaimed Carroll, "that accursed religion is the cause of all the misery and degradation of this fair land. The Church, by its sale of indulgences, and easy remission of

sins to the wealthy, confesses that its kingdom is of this world. It has converted the holy temple of God into a den of brokers and money-changers."

"Ah, Ernesto," said the princess, (who seemed shocked by this expression of his opinion,) that sentiment is unworthy of you; it has caused you, who are all kindness and benevolence, to speak in bitterness and anger. Suddenly starting,—“leave me,” said she, “some one comes this way.” Her quick woman’s ear had caught the sounds of footsteps approaching. “*Addio, caro,*” and with a slight sob—“*per sempre.*” As she turned to leave him, she cast upon him a look like that of a dying person, which seemed to say, “save me from death—save me from annihilation.”

The sight of a woman in tears is enough to unman the stoutest heart. Carroll was deeply affected, and with difficulty refrained from hastening after her, and offering consolation in words of kindness and sympathy. He had, however, been struck by an appearance of alarm in her manner, and deemed it more prudent to obey her commands. He hastened in the direction of the spot where he had left

Giovanni in charge of his horse, which he mounted and rode homeward on a gallop.

He was in a frame of mind by no means enviable—his head and heart were at war, and he bitterly reproached himself with having brutally wounded the feelings of the kindest and gentlest of creatures. "The pride of virtue," said he to himself, "is cold, selfish, and pitiless. Would to God, Sofia, that I had never seen thee."

Passing through the Porticiuolo he checked his horse's speed, and was walking him slowly through Borg' Ognissanti, when he heard the sound of a horseman trotting very fast behind him. He was soon overtaken, and the rider proved to be the Count de B. As he passed Carroll, he turned in the saddle and closely scrutinized his person from head to foot.

Carroll was highly incensed by this impertinence, and returned an angry glance under which the eye of the Frenchman soon quailed, and he rode on.

"Is it possible that he could have witnessed our interview?" asked he, or does he merely suspect me of having been in her company. If the puppy wishes to pick a

quarrel with me he shall find me not reluctant. At this moment I value my life at a pin's worth."

This evening, for the first time, Carroll failed in his attendance at the Academy. He felt utterly incapable of study, and spent several hours in pacing his room, deeply engaged in thought.

Towards nine o'clock, it occurred to him, that the princess would, most probably, be at the opera. He felt an irresistible desire to see her once more, and to efface from his memory the image of her sad and weeping countenance. Arriving at the Pergola, he found that she was alone, accompanied only by a domestic, in the livery of the Corsini, who stood respectfully at the door of her box. Carroll saw that his entrance was noticed by the princess, and, in a few moments, the domestic brought him a message from her, requesting the pleasure of his company.

Carroll followed the footman, who opened the box, and remained on the outside.

The princess received him with her usual cordial and cheerful manner. "I am almost ashamed to see you, after my conduct at the



Cascine. I weep as easily as a child, but my heart is like a child's, and is quickly relieved by tears. I have regained the serenity of my thoughts, and am satisfied that you are not only gentle and kind, but that you are wise and good. I shall endeavor to imitate your example. Since we cannot be lovers, let us at least be friends. Will you accept my friendship?" It was evident to Carroll that an affected serenity of manner, ill concealed an expression of mental anguish.

"Ah, Sofia," said he, "I can never cease to love you. I feel that I can never love another as I do you. Since you permit me the title of a friend, I am proud of it, and shall endeavor to merit it."

"Enough," said she, "you have made me perfectly happy. My heart at least is my own, and I can bestow it on whom I please. We will be the best of friends, and since it is dangerous to talk of love, henceforth we will call it friendship. I have at this moment a cheerful conviction, that if God has ordained our union, he will bring it about."

Ernest felt his heart lightened of a heavy burden; they continued to converse cheerfully

together, and it was agreed that they should correspond and communicate by letters, any thoughts or events which might be of interest. The princess informed Carroll, that she should return to Venice on the following day, and promised to write on her arrival, giving him her address. Having handed her to her carriage, he bid her good evening, and bent his steps homeward.

He had not proceeded far, when he was overtaken by Otway, Spencer, and two or three other friends, on their way to a supper at Wital's. Carroll readily accepted their invitation to join them. He began to be aware that he had scarcely eaten at dinner, and was now in a mood to enjoy pleasant company.

The supper was soon ordered, and good appetites and gay conversation made the meal a merry one. Young Holland alone seemed to be low-spirited. "Is there a good dentist in Florence?" asked he, with a doleful air, just after a roar of laughter at some joke of Spencer's, had subsided.

"Oh, yes," said Spencer. "There is an English one on the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, an American on the Lung' Arno, and a famous

Italian, Dr. Trentuno, who pulls teeth *gratis*, on horseback, in the Piazza Granduca, every Thursday. He is very expert. After lecturing on the diseases of the teeth, in a loud charlatan voice, he pauses, and says: 'If there be present any sufferer, let him approach, and I will relieve him.' Some fellow, with his face bound up, will come to his side, when, without dismounting, he extracts the tooth in the twinkling of an eye. Elevating high in air the offending member, 'This tooth, gentlemen, you perceive——,' and continues his harangue, to which the late sufferer listens with open mouth and bloody chops, with as much interest as the rest of the crowd."

"Horrible," said Holland, nervously. "There is no greater curse than the toothache."

"It is easily remedied by extraction," said Spencer. "The pain is only momentary, and the relief is instantaneous."

"To most people, I know," replied Holland, who did not seem aware that he was introducing a disagreeable subject in a very *mal-à-propos* manner. "My teeth, however, are very peculiar in their formation, and have large hooked and forked prongs. I seldom have had one ex-

tracted, without losing a portion of the jaw-bone, and the pain and agony is excruciating."

"Damn his teeth," said Otway to Carroll, in an undertone.

Carroll smiled, and said, "It is really ludicrous to think that this is the third time I have known him obtrude his dental suffering upon a mixed company, who neither know nor care for his troubles. It is in very bad taste."

A noisy party of revellers here entered the Caffè, and ordered supper at another table. Among them, Count Poignard was conspicuous by his gayety, and the volubility of his tongue. He exchanged greetings with Spencer and Otway, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

Carroll continued quietly eating his supper, and talking to Otway, without noticing the *jeux d'esprit* of the Frenchman, which Spencer seemed to enjoy highly. Presently the Count lowered his voice, and Carroll was aware that he was making inquiries as to his name, profession, &c.

"Waiter!" called the Count, "this water is dirty, bring me another glass." As he said this,

with a deliberate air, he threw the whole contents of the tumbler over Carroll's legs.

Highly incensed by this gross outrage, Carroll would not trust himself to speak for a moment or two. Looking towards the new party, he saw a malicious grin on the face of the Frenchman, and a look of surprise and amazement on those of his companions.

"*Messieurs,*" said Carroll, in a quiet tone, "*quelqu'un de vous m'a jeté de l'eau.*"

"*Eh, bien ?*" said the Count with a grimace, which was meant to be crushing.

"Gentlemen," continued Carroll, (still speaking French,) "usually apologize for such an accident, unless" (here he spoke with great deliberation) "they are willing to be understood to have done it purposely." The coolness of his manner for a moment cowed the bully. "*Si je ne l'ai pas fait exprès ?*" said he, stammering.

"*Ça suffit, Monsieur,*" said Carroll, who was glad to receive an answer, which could be construed into an apology.

The Count colored, and gulped down a glass of brandy, which seemed to mount at once to his head. Bringing his huge fist heavily down

upon the table, causing a great jingling of glasses, "*Je me dédis de tout ça,*" said he, "*et je m'en ris des conséquences.*"

"The gentleman seems inclined to quarrel," said Carroll, in a low tone to Otway and Spencer.

"Why, yes. We think there can be no doubt of it."

"It was superfluous for me to ask, but I was unwilling to engage in an unnecessary broil. If either of you gentlemen will be my second, I will challenge him on the spot."

"I would offer my services with pleasure," said Holland, mournfully, "but in the present state of my teeth, I cannot count upon steady nerves, I should be no manner of use."

"Oh, do it in spite of your teeth," said Otway. "I shall be most happy," said another friend, "provided the duel is to take place out of Tuscany."

"And I," said Spencer, "will serve you, even if we are to fight in the jaws of hell. Johnny Crapaud shall never insult one of the Anglo-Saxon race with an Englishman standing by."

"Thank you," said Carroll. "Since you make no conditions, I accept your kind ser-

vices. Have the goodness to come with me into the next room, where we shall find pen, ink, and paper."

"God bless me, my boy," said Otway, "this is a sad business; but I really don't see that you can do otherwise."

Carroll lost no time in indicting a formal challenge, demanding satisfaction for the unprovoked insult which he had received. Spencer handed it to the Count, who bowed and said, "You shall have an answer to-morrow."

Spencer's back was no sooner turned, than the Count made a most disgusting exhibition of savage pleasure at the contents of the note. Counting on his fingers, one, two, three, four. "This makes the fifth *affaire d'honneur* which I have had in Italy. In two of them, I spoiled the profile of my adversary, and in the other two, *ce n'était pas moi qui tombait*."

Carroll's friends rallied around him as he re-entered the room, and accompanied him on his way home, leaving Count Poignard and his associates masters of the field.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN APOLOGY.

ON the following morning, Carroll awoke to a full sense of the seriousness of the situation into which he had been forced. He reviewed the events of the preceding evening, and asked whether he had been precipitate or hot-headed. On the contrary, by the moderation of his firm manner, he had received an apology, which was afterwards retracted in a coarsely brutal manner. Having spent much of his youth in the Southern States, where public opinion not only sanctions, but approves of duelling as a safeguard in society, he felt no religious scruples on the subject, and being satisfied that his cause was a just one, he impatiently waited for an answer to his challenge.

He was seated at breakfast at a late hour of the morning, when Spencer came. His usual



gay, frank, and jovial manner had given way to an expression of sad, serious, and concentrated excitement.

He handed Carroll a note, which he said had been given to him by the Count's second. Carroll read as follows :—

“Count de Poignard will be most happy to give Mr. Carroll the satisfaction he requests in his note of yesterday. Availing himself of the privileges of the challenged party, he would indicate five o'clock, on Friday morning, as the time for the meeting to take place, at the Labyrinth of the Royal Cascine, and sabres for the weapons, which will be supplied by Mons. Victor de Blois, who will communicate with Mr. C.'s friend, Mr. Spencer.”

“The devil!” groaned Spencer. “It is no more nor less than suicide for you to fight him with sabres. He is known to be a very powerful *sabreur*.”

“I am not an indifferent swordsman when in training,” said Carroll. “Unfortunately, I am still weak from the effects of a broken arm, occasioned by a fall from my horse two or three months since.”

“Really?” said Spencer. “Then, by Jove,

the boot is on the other leg. You can insist on his meeting you with pistols."

"How so?"

"By the laws of honor, as agreed upon by all nations, a physical disability to use any weapon entitles a man to name another, which will put the parties on a par."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Why, certainly. Plum, who is thoroughly versed in these matters, told me so not a week ago."

"In that case," said Carroll, "it will be your duty to object to the weapons, on the grounds you have stated. Fortunately, I have a letter of instructions from the court physician at Venice, cautioning me to abstain from all violent exercises, such as fencing and boxing, for several months. Here it is."

"That's the document," said Spencer, gayly, "which will do our business for us. Are you a good shot?" said he anxiously.

"You shall judge for yourself," replied Carroll, with a confident smile. "Giovanni, take my pistol-case and a lighted candle into the garden."

Taking a pistol in hand, and pacing off fif-

teen paces, Carroll wheeled round, and discharging his weapon, he extinguished the light, without grazing the candle. The wick was cut off as clean as if it had been done by a pair of snuffers.

"Bravo!" shouted Spencer enthusiastically.

Taking from his pocket a copper coin, "Have the goodness to toss up this *soldo*," said he.

Spencer gave it a toss into the air, and Carroll watching it till it presented a broadside surface, fired, and the coin, which Spencer found in a corner, was perforated by the bullet.

"Why," said Spencer, "this is incredible."

"Pshaw!" said Carroll, "that was a bungling shot; look here." With his left hand, he threw up, one after another, two *soldi*, and waiting till they fell into a straight line with his eye, he again fired, and the two pieces were found bored through the centre, as if they had been pierced by a machine.

"Why, Carroll," said his friend, "you have the eye of a hawk, and the nerve of a lion. You can do what you please with your man."

"I am not bloodthirsty," said Carroll, "but if the Count meets me, I will tell you what I will do. I will shatter his right hand so effect-

ually, as to incapacitate him from playing the bully for the rest of his life."

Spencer's spirits were now fully restored, and taking Dr. Andrei's letter with him, he stated to De Blois the reasons which obliged him to object to sabres as the weapons, and recommended the substitution of pistols.

"Your objections are perfectly *en règle*," said De Blois, "and my principal must, of course, comply with your terms."

The morning passed, and no answer arrived. The two friends were seated at the dinner table smoking cigars, and wondering how long it would be before the Count would make up his mind. At about four o'clock, a sergeant of the police called, and gave Carroll and Spencer a summons, to present themselves immediately at the office of the *Buon Governo*.

"What's in the wind, now?" asked Spencer.

"We shall soon see," replied Carroll, taking his hat, and telling the sergeant that they would follow him.

They were ushered into a small room, where they found the *Presidente del Buon Governo*, Count Poignard, and De Blois.

"Gentlemen," said the magistrate, "news has reached me of a hostile meeting arranged to take place between you. You Count P. and Mr. Carroll are the principals, and the other two gentlemen are the seconds. His royal highness, the Grand Duke, has a particular aversion to duelling, and has made several very severe penal enactments to prevent it. It becomes my duty to place you under arrest, from which you can be released only on your signing a bond, in the sum of ten thousand *scudi* each, to keep the peace."

"In that case, I shall be obliged to sign the bond, for I have military duties to perform which will not allow me to remain under arrest beyond to-morrow." So saying, the Count took the pen with a shrug and signed.

"And you Mr. Carroll," said the president.

"I have no choice left," said he, and he signed the bond also.

"Bravo!" said the president, "this is as it ought to be. Some slight misunderstanding, I presume—something which in a cool moment could be explained to the mutual honor and satisfaction of both parties. Now do me the favor to shake hands and to forgive and forget."

"Excuse me, *Signore Presidente*," said Carroll, respectfully, "I bow in obedience to the laws of the land, which receives me hospitably and protects my rights. But my hand is my own, and shall never be given to any one, excepting in token of friendship and esteem. In the present case it is out of the question."

Making a respectful bow, he walked towards the door, when turning again he made the president another low bow and departed with Spencer without taking any further notice of the Count.

"How could the police have got wind of this matter?" asked Spencer, as they walked homeward. "I shrewdly suspect that the Count, not relishing the smell of powder, employed some underling to give information, if he did not apply personally for protection."

"We can easily ascertain, whether any of our party have had a hand in it. Otway, I am sure would not peach, and Holland was so much preoccupied by threatening symptoms of a toothache, that I doubt whether he would have stirred his finger to save me from hanging."

"You have mentioned the devil and here

he is," said Spencer, as Holland came up to them.

"Ah, Spencer," said he with a look of delight, "it is out."

"What's out?" asked Spencer—thinking he alluded to the fact, that the duel had come to the knowledge of the police.

"My tooth. I took your advice and went to Trentuno. Here it is," said he, drawing from his waistcoat pocket a bit of paper, which he carefully unfolded, "just look at these prongs."

"You infernal selfish scamp," said Spencer, indignantly, "can you think of nothing but your d—d teeth, when your best friend stands in jeopardy of his life?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carroll," said the abashed youth. "I am so absent-minded—I hope the case is not desperate. I really trust that nothing serious has come out of last night's affair."

"The police have interfered and put us under bonds to keep the peace," answered Carroll.

"I am delighted to hear it, it is the very best termination possible—good morning."

"I do not consider the matter as terminated," said Carroll, after Holland had gone, "I do not relish the idea of the Count's getting off so easily. The terms of our bonds only prevent us from fighting in Tuscany. A short journey will take us to the Sardinian or Roman frontier, and he cannot refuse to meet me there. I shall insist on his doing so or giving me a written apology. Are you willing to carry a note for me?"

"With all my heart—the sooner the better. Step into Volpini's, the bookseller, and write your note, and I will take it to *Casa Bianchi*, where both the Count and De Blois are lodging."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said Carroll, as he handed him his note.

"No apologies," said his eager friend, "I will come to your house as soon as I have done my errand."

Finding De Blois in his room, Spencer handed him the note, and asked if he might expect an answer soon.

"Have the goodness to take a seat and I will step up to the Count's room overhead."

"Why, what the devil is this," said the



Count, after reading the note and handing it to De Blois, "I thought this ridiculous business was over."

"The young American seems to think differently," dryly answered his friend.

"*Peste!*" said the Count, stalking up and down the room. "These Americans are often excellent shots, and pertinacious as bull-dogs. What do you advise me to do? I bear the youth no malice, and only meant to punish his conceit by a few scratches."

"I see no alternative between fighting and writing an apology," said De Blois, curtly.

"*Peste!*" muttered the Count again, and coloring to his very temples—thrusting his hands into the pockets of his enormous Cossack pantaloons, which he spread out on each side to their full extent—he strode about the room, bearing no small resemblance to the ace of spades. Presently, with a humble tone and faltering eye, "Victor," said he, "do you think that a soldier can with honor, apologize to a gentleman whom he has wronged?"

"I think there is no other course left for a soldier or a gentleman," replied De Blois.

"Victor, for once in my life I will perform

an act of magnanimity." Seating himself at a secretary, he wrote a most full and abject apology, and confessed that under the influence of liquor he had been guilty of conduct unworthy of a gentleman.

"Take this," said he, "to the bloodthirsty rascal, and tell him if he dares to expose me, I will have him stabbed in the dark by the first assassin I can hire."

"Is this a message to be sent by one brave man to another? I will not be the bearer of it."

"As you will; I am in your hands, do with me as you see fit."

De Blois, whose ideas of his friend's courage had been greatly modified by his conduct in the late affair, told Spencer that, with his permission, he would do himself the honor of delivering the note personally.

"I am glad of that," said Spencer; "you will like my friend, I am sure. He is a noble fellow."

Carroll received De Blois with great courtesy, and, after reading the note, "This is perfectly satisfactory," said he; "and I withdraw my challenge with pleasure. To you, as a friend of the Count, I may say what I could not, with

propriety, say to him, that this letter shall be shown only to those few friends who witnessed the transaction, which required some apology."

"*Vous êtes un vrai galant homme,*" said De Blois, grasping his hand warmly. He was struck by the difference of spirit in which the letter had been sent and received. "*Charmé d'honneur d'avoir fait votre connaissance.*"

The next morning's *Gazzetta di Firenze*, in its list of departures, included that of Count Gaspard Poignard, *Ufficiale Francese*.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MAN OF FEELING AND HUMOR.

THE morning after the events related in the last chapter, Carroll received a note from Otway :—

“ My dear Carroll: I cannot express the pleasure I felt last evening on hearing, from Spencer, the happy termination of your quarrel. I did not say much at the time, thinking I might dishearten you, by an expression of my serious apprehensions. But, I assure you, I did not close my eyes the whole of that accursed night. Thank God, the danger is past, and you have borne yourself nobly. Who would have thought you, who are so quiet and gentle, were such a plucky fire-eater! I want very much to see you—so, come and breakfast with me at ten. You shall have tea, toast, and eggs, or coffee and muffins, or a chop and a

bottle of wine, for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. I shall not take no for an answer, but shall wait until you come. C. OTWAY."

"Giovanni," said Carroll, "I shall breakfast with Mr. Otway. Call at the post; and if there are any letters for me, send them up."

He found Otway stripped to his shirt-sleeves, busily engaged in polishing a large steel strong-box with oil and rotten-stone. "Good morning, Carroll," said he; "I can't shake hands with you, covered as mine are with rotten-stone. I am doing this for exercise. My servant, who cannot understand why a man should do any thing which another can do for him, is continually offering to relieve me. When I tell him I prefer to do it myself, he only shrugs his shoulders, and evidently thinks I am *pazzo*. Excuse me, while I wash my hands and put on a decent coat. And now," said he, as he returned from his dressing-room, "give us your hand, and accept my congratulations."

Carroll soon changed the subject, of which he was heartily tired, owing to the fact that it had engaged his mind for two or three days previously, by asking to see the puppies. Opening the door of a small room adjoining,

Otway whistled, and in scampered three young dogs, followed by Tina, who bore herself like a matron.

"Ar'n't they beauties?" said Otway, as, stooping down, he took them up one by one, and gave to each a kiss. "Now be quiet, and go back to your basket. You, Tina, may stay, if you like." Tina wagged her tail, and jumped into an easy-chair, where she cuddled up on the soft cushion. "That's Tina's chair," said Otway; "I never think of taking it. By-the-by, here is something which I promised you."

"Ah! the sonnets," said Carroll, receiving a small envelope.

"Yes; but read them at your leisure—not now. I am aware that they are d—d fine; but don't expect you to praise them."

"I am very curious to see them; won't you allow me to read them now?"

"Well—yes; I will be arranging matters for breakfast."

We subjoin a copy of these sonnets, for the benefit of the reader: \*—

\* If these pages should ever meet the eye of the author's friend Otway, he will pardon the breach of confidence

## TO TIM.

A long farewell to thine unconscious clay,  
Poor inmate of the cold and shadowy grave,  
For all in vain my efforts prov'd to save  
Thy worn-out life that slowly ebb'd away :  
Thy suff'rings found in Death a kind relief,  
Yet when I call to mind thy winning ways  
And more than human love in happier days,  
The fond remembrance but renews my grief.  
The stranger recks not of thine age or birth,  
Thy race and beauty, or thy ling'ring end ;  
No monument records thine honest worth ;  
No pleading prayers for thee to Heav'n ascend,  
My faithful dog ; but with thy mother-earth  
Thy sad remains in calm oblivion blend !

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My grief for thee, poor Tim, may raise a sneer  
In those who knew thee not, nor knew thy love,  
Thy rare fidelity so far above  
Deceit or change, though tried for many a year :  
But I—who, ere I laid thee on thy bier,  
Beheld thine eyes, with warm affection bright,  
Grow dim, and close in sad, eternal night—  
How could I o'er thy grave withhold a tear ?  
The earth that on thy corpse was coldly thrown,  
Too plainly told we ne'er should meet again ;  
Yet still, at times, I seem to hear thy moan,  
Thy plaintive cry for help, alas ! in vain—  
For Art abandon'd thee and Hope had flown  
Ere Death released thee from consuming pain.

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which has given a wider circulation to these exquisite ve  
than was intended by the modest poet.

Sorrow and self-reproach may well be mine,  
 My kind, intelligent, and long-tried friend,  
 For love and faith, that death alone could end,  
 In pain and bitter agony were thine :  
 In vain will Memory recall the days  
 When thou could'st glad me with thine earnest eye,  
 And fondly, by thy well-known gambols, try  
 To win a brief caress—a word of praise !  
 Poor Dog ! How swiftly flew the pleasant hours  
 When thou would'st range the field, or dare the wave !  
 But now thy race is run :—for thee no Powers  
 Exist to recompense the Good and Brave.  
 Repose in peace ! Beneath a few wild flowers  
 My truest friend lies buried in thy grave.

After reading them, Ernest, who understood the downright sincerity of his friend, made no comment ; but, folding them again, he pressed them to his lips, and put them carefully into his pocket-book.

“ And now for breakfast,” said Otway.

“ I am surprised,” said Carroll, as they sat down, “ to see the number of valuable acquisitions you have made since I was last here. Those bronzes, that steel box, and the buhl cabinet, are all late purchases, I think.”

“ Yes ; and all bargains. I am a great fool, Carroll, to waste my money on such useless trumpery ; but it gives me occupation and amusement. I have eight hundred pounds a



year, payable quarterly. I could live like a prince on half the sum, but I am always buying bargains, and, consequently, I am hard up at the end of every quarter. Of what earthly use is that steel strong-box, over which I have wasted a week's time in polishing and cleaning it?"

"It is a beautiful piece of workmanship," answered Carroll. "How exquisite these arabesque chasings are!"

"It could not have been made for less than sixty pounds sterling. It has the cypher of a celebrated Milanese smith. I paid two pounds sterling for it, and you shall have it for twenty. I should like to make money out of a rich American."

"Thank you," said Carroll, smiling.

"Can't I sell you that antique cabinet? It cost me twenty pounds, and you shall have it for forty?"

"You will never make a salesman, if you tell what your wares cost you."

"Then I can't make any money out of you to-day—and I have added the cost of the breakfast you are eating to my other extravagances. Do you know I envy shopkeepers the

pleasure they must experience in selling goods at a profit? I have been spending money all my life, but never made a penny myself."

"What will you take for Tina?" asked Carroll, much amused by the waggish humor of his eccentric friend.

"Ah!" said Otway, patting Tina's head; "a million wouldn't buy you, would it?"

Otway's man announced Mr. Bruce, and handed Carroll a letter, post-marked Venezia—which he put aside for perusal on his return home.

"Will you join us?" said Otway to Bruce.

"Thank you, I have breakfasted two hours ago, but I never refuse a cup of coffee. To me it is the grand staple of life—it is a panacea for every thing. If I am indolent, a cup of coffee excites me, and makes me work *con amore*; if I am jaded and fatigued, a cup of coffee revives and restores me. My dear sir," continued he, as Otway handed him a strong cup of his favorite beverage, "I am utterly disgusted by the drivelling cant of the English papers, stuffed as they are with daily accounts of visits to this or that ragged school."

"I have thought them praiseworthy objects of

charity," said Otway, who was not only of a benevolent, but rather of a devotional character.

"Be God," returned Bruce, "there's no doubt that the people of England want instruction badly enough, for a more besotted, degraded, or ignorant set of creatures is not to be found in any other country."

"You surely are not speaking seriously."

"Listen to me, my dear sir," said Bruce, assuming, what Spencer called, the wild-horse expression of the eye. "A clergyman, whom I have known intimately for years, told me, that on taking possession of a new living in Yorkshire, he determined to visit his parishioners, and ascertain from personal inspection, the amount and nature of their spiritual wants. The first call he made, was on an old lady of very respectable family and fortune. When he spoke to her of our blessed Redeemer, she asked him whom he meant?"

"Don't you know," said he, "that Christ came into this world to teach and to save mankind; that he was persecuted, and put to death by the Jews?"

"Never heard of him before," said the old lady—an old lady, sir, of family and fortune!

"Pray, how long ago did this happen," asked she.

"Nearly two thousand years ago."

"Bless my heart! And where did it happen?"

"In Jerusalem, more than two thousand miles from here?"

"Dear me, parson," said she, "since it is said to have happened so long ago, and at such a distance, let us *hope* that it is not true. Let me help you to a cup of tea."

Both Carroll and Otway saw by a smile on the old man's face, and a roguish twinkle of his eye, that this anecdote, introduced by him as a proof of the ignorance and degradation of the people of England, was nothing more nor less than one of his own manufacture. They both knew him to be a free-thinker, and saw that he was chuckling and gloating over the sly innuendo of the *finale*.

After eyeing them for a few seconds, Bruce burst into a fit of loud laughter. "Ho, ho, ho," said he, "did you ever hear of the like of that?"

Carroll joined heartily in the laugh, but Otway looked grave, and reminded Bruce that he

had promised to look at his late purchases of bronzes, and give his opinion of their merit.

"With all my heart, my dear sir. I hope you did not pay a great sum for them," said he, approaching a collection of statuettes placed upon a side-table.

"I gave twenty pounds for the lot, twelve in number."

Bruce examined them singly in silence. At last, taking up a little figure of Neptune, about eighteen inches high, and placing it on the centre-table by itself, "My dear sir, you may give away the other eleven, and you have still got this little gem at a bargain; it is worth twenty times the money. If I am not mistaken, you have caught a big fish here. Have you a life of Benvenuto Cellini?" Otway went to a bookcase, and handed him the volume.

Bruce ran his eye hastily over the table of contents, and then having found the passage he was seeking, read in it attentively for a minute or two. "Yes!" said he, at last, "I was right. I felt convinced that this piece came from no less a hand than that of Cellini. Here is an account of it. You remember he was anxious to get possession of the great block of marble,

which Ammanato finally obtained by the influence of the Duchess. From it he carved the colossal Neptune which is in the front or near the old Ducal Palace. Now Benvenuto had applied to the Duke for this marble, and receiving some encouragement, 'I made,' he says, 'a small model in wax, which I cast in bronze, and showed it to the Duke, who was much pleased with it.' So that you see before you, my dear sir, not only an original design of Benvenuto, but one which has a peculiar interest attached to it. How rich in art Italy is! It has been ransacked by artists and connoisseurs for ages, and yet every now and then some happy accident brings to light a new treasure. Send the rest of your bronzes to the pawnbroker, and sell them for what they will bring, but don't part with this for less than five hundred pounds."

Otway thanked him cordially for the valuable information he had given him. He was much elated by his good fortune. Bruce and Carroll rising to go at the same time, Otway accompanied them to the door. "Then I can't sell you any thing to-day," said he, again affecting to play the merchant. "I can't make money out of either of you, eh?"

"Egad, I have put as good as five hundred pounds in your pocket, which is pretty well for one morning, I think."

"Ah, true—much obliged."

Otway and Carroll were in the habit of good humoredly bantering each other—Otway would call Carroll *Cræsus* and *Midas*, and Carroll would complain of Otway's luck and skill in bargains. Shaking Otway's hand, he quietly remarked, "I congratulate you on this splendid acquisition. I think instead of trying to make money by selling bargains, you might open a museum. It has occurred to me that when you make your will, as all prudent men do, while they are in sound and healthy mind, you might be desirous of leaving me something. So many legacies have been lost owing to some mistake in the name or surname of the devisee, that I think I may as well give you my card. My Christian name is Ernest, not *Cræsus*."

Carroll hastened to his home, in order to peruse the long expected letter from Venice. The princess had arrived in safety and good health. Her spirits seemed perfectly tranquil, and her letter was in the commencement not

only cheerful but witty and amusing—towards the close she became more serious. She spoke of a dark storm lowering over her unhappy country; she hinted at conspiracies to bring about a revolution. The Marquis Amalfi, an old friend of her father's, had been arrested, thrown into prison, and there were fears that his estates would be confiscated. No reason had been given for these violent measures. And his two daughters (whom the princess counted among her best friends) were in a state of the greatest affliction. She cautioned Carroll against speaking on political matters in public or even in private, when conversing with Italians. Above all she besought him never to take part in any plot or revolution, which could never result in good to himself and might be the means of his ruin.

This was not the first hint which Carroll had received of a state of irritation and fermentation now going on in Italy. He determined to follow the advice of the princess, and holding aloof, to watch with interest the signs of the times.

He had hardly finished the letter, when Spencer burst into his room, convulsed with



laughter, "Ho! ho! ho! I have just put such a jolly joke on Holland. I met him at the corner of the street, with his sketching box under his arm, "So! you have been at work at the Pitti to-day? Have you ever seen the *Specola*?"

"*Specola*,—no! what is it?"

"Why it's a Museum of Natural History, close to the Boboli Gardens. It is well worth seeing. There are many things there which would interest you highly. Among others the tooth of an enormous mastodon—with prongs a foot and a half long, and with a cavity capable of containing a bushel of toothache!' As I kept my countenance during the whole of this conversation, he looked so solemn and interested that I began, in spite of myself, to laugh."

"'Pooh! nonsense—you are certainly quizzing me,' and off he shot, like a dog with a tin-pan tied to his tail."

## CHAPTER VII.

## ART GOSSIP.

A WEEKLY interchange of thought and sentiment by means of a regular correspondence established between our hero and the princess, proved to the former a source of great pleasure, which was uninterrupted for the space of three months. Towards the end of April, he received a letter in which the fair writer expressed her anxiety concerning the fate of the persecuted Marquis Amalfi and his unhappy family.

"I have at length learned that the pretext on which he was arrested is an unfounded charge, that he is the Venetian head of a party of revolutionists, who are leagued together by means of clubs formed in all the principal towns and cities of Italy. His friends say that this can be easily disproved. Although his papers were sealed up at the time of his

arrest, he has been in prison three months without any examination of them, and has been denied the privilege of summoning counsel or witnesses in his favor.

“A friend of mine, who is thoroughly versed in the diplomacy of the Austrian Cabinet assures me that the prime minister begins to doubt the justice or policy of the action taken by his agents in this matter, and that he would gladly recede from his position, provided he could do so with grace. He would rather release the Marquis as an act of favor, instead of confessing by an acquittal that he had been unjustly arrested.

“My friend suggests that a memorial, stating the case, if presented by some influential foreign minister, would probably be well received. He spoke of the English and American ministers as being the fittest persons to be applied to. The latter has some claims to the gratitude of the Austrian Cabinet, on account of the great skill, delicacy, and talent with which he has lately settled some knotty questions at issue between the two governments.

“A drowning man catches at a straw, and my object in writing is to ask if you can

suggest any advice or can in any way further my views."

"How very fortunate!" thought Carroll. Mr. S—— is not only an acquaintance, but a warm personal friend of mine. I am sure he will do everything in his power to serve me. I will leave for Vienna to-morrow.

He immediately wrote to the princess, informing her of his plans, and expressed great confidence in their success. He requested her to forward the memorial to him at Vienna, directed to the care of the American Minister, whose address he gave. "I shall go by the way of Genoa and Milan, and thence northward. I have chosen this route for two reasons: first, I fear I should be tempted to remain longer in Venice than the interests of your friends seem to require; and secondly, I am desirous of seeing as much of Italy as I can."

The preparations necessary for the journey occupied him the rest of the day; in the evening he repaired to Doney's Caffè, in order to take leave of his friends.

Both Otway and Spencer expressed great regrets at the news of his intended absence.

"I go very reluctantly, but important business makes it absolutely necessary."

"What an intelligent little creature Tina is," said Holland, who sat playing with her by his side.

"And what a splendid set of teeth!" said Spencer, with a wink.

"Sound as a roach," added Holland, totally unconscious of the trap laid for him. Observing a smile on the faces of his three companions, he colored, sat fidgeting in his seat for a few minutes, and then took his leave.

"What a comical devil that is," said Spencer, "he would make a capital subject for a farce. I think I must suggest it to my friend Ricci, and then we will take Holland to see a new play, entitled '*Stentorello diventato pazzo per eccesso di dolor di denti*.'"

"Who is your friend Ricci?" asked Carroll.

"He is an actor of great talent who writes all his own plays. He is the original inventor of the character of Stentorello, so popular with the Florentines. He is a sort of Robert Macaire, who speaks always in the dialect of the Camandolese or Florentine *bourgeoisie*. You

are aware that Stentorello is an institution peculiar to Florence, as Harlequin is to Naples, or the Fantoccioni to Rome. Ricci has been very successful, and his little theatre is crowded every night that he is making a fortune fast. His face is as well known as the town clock. An amusing incident occurred here the other day: he has been in the habit of dining frequently with an English gentleman by the name of Lander who died recently. As Ricci had been treated like a particular friend by Lander, he felt it his duty to attend the funeral, which took place at the English burial-ground just outside the Pinti gate. It is raised very considerably above the road near the gate, so that the crowd of vagabonds and idlers, who so quickly assemble on such occasions, have a full view of what is going on above.

“On the present occasion the ceremonies were performed with great solemnity, and all were very much affected. When the body was consigned to the earth, Ricci, who was standing by the side of young Lander, saw that he was about to faint. Opening his arms he received him on his bosom, and by

embracing him, supported the young man. In doing this he turned round so as to face the spectators below. A young blackguard shouted out, '*Per Dio!*' *'gli è Stentorello!*' and '*Guardi Stentorello,*' ran through the crowd, who laughed and yelled in the most indecent manner."

"Producing an effect like that of Vestri's acting," remarked Carroll. "Of all the comic actors I have ever seen, I think he is the truest and most original. I have frequently seen him in parts where, although placed in a comical situation, his own feelings are supposed to be gloomy or sorrowful. In such cases, I have known him to make the audience both laugh and cry at the same time."

"Have you seen Ristori?" asked Spencer.

"Ah!" said Carroll; "there is an actress whom art and nature have combined to make perfect! What classical beauty of face and figure—what truth and nature of delivery! One evening she takes the part of a queen, and you see the majesty of Juno; the next night, perhaps, she acts Medea, and seems a '*Niobe all tears;*' on the third night she is a coquettish belle, and appears to have borrowed the cestus of Venus. My especial delight is to see her in

one of Goldoni's rhymed comedies, which, in my opinion, are raised above his prose compositions just as the opera is above a common tragedy. Her elocution is so perfect, that it seems perfectly natural for her to speak poetry;—the words fall from her lips like pearls from the mouth of a fairy, and you are amazed at the new and exquisite beauty of language with which you fancied yourself previously familiar. If my eye ever wanders from the beauty of her expression, it is only to watch the speaking gestures and varied movements of her beautiful hand and arm, by which she gives double force to her words and expression."

"Talking of Ristori," said Spencer, "reminds me of your friend Story, whose acquaintance I have lately made here. He is a very agreeable fellow."

"Yes," said Carroll; "and has the most remarkable versatility of talent I ever knew. He is not only an excellent scholar and lawyer, but is passionately fond of art in all its branches. He has devoted himself, with almost equal success, to painting, poetry, music, and sculpture—the latter is, perhaps, his *forte*. The



only obstacle to his attaining eminence in any one of the arts, is, that he has an ample fortune, and is very fond of society, in which he is eminently qualified to shine."

"I believe you," said Otway, "for you have drawn an Admirable Crichton."

"I heard an amusing anecdote of him the other day," resumed Carroll. "As he was passing through Lyons, on his way to Paris, he was induced to remain a day or two,—on being assured, by the agent of the steamboat, that another one would leave on a given day. Story found that this was a lie; and, calling day after day, was put off by the assurance that, on the following day, the boat would arrive. Losing all patience, 'Is there no one here,' said he, 'who can speak the truth? You have lied to me five times already.' '*Moi je n'ai pas menti,*' said the agent, '*Je ne vous ai jamais vu auparavant.*' '*Vous êtes un impertinent!*' exclaimed the outraged Story. Here the agent began to bluster and fume, and asked if he, as a foreigner, knew precisely the meaning of the word *impertinent*. 'Perhaps not,' said Story, coolly. 'Allow me to inform you that it is the most

insulting word you can use to a Frenchman.' 'Thank you,' returned Story; 'then allow me to tell you that *vous êtes un* IMPERTINENT!'"

"Plucky fellow," said Spencer; "and, singularly enough, here he comes."

Two young men made their way through the crowd, and one of them, approaching Carroll, took him by the hand, and remarked, "I fear you had a stupid night, at our house, last Wednesday."

"On the contrary, I think my leaving at two o'clock shows that I enjoyed myself."

"But, then, it was so dark and gloomy. I am fond of plenty of light; but it always happens so, when we stay at home our lamps *go out*. But here is Ames, who has been looking for you."

"Ames, how are you?" said Carroll, giving the other a cordial grasp. "I heard that you had a commission to paint a portrait of the Pope, which hurried you on to Rome; but I did not think you would pass through Florence without calling on me."

"He is a lucky dog," said Story, "and has had a success quite equal to that of Benjamin West, when he first visited Rome."

"Tell us all about it," said Carroll, seating himself at a separate table, with his two friends.

"Last winter I received an order from a church in New Orleans, to go to Rome and paint a full-length portrait of Pio Nono. I had a letter from the archbishop, introducing me, and requesting His Holiness to give me the necessary sittings. I was most cordially received, and the Pope ordered an apartment in the Quirinal to be made ready for me. On the day appointed I was at my post. A Swiss guard came several times to request me to be in readiness, as his Holiness was soon coming—at last he made his appearance, accompanied by two cardinals. He was dressed in a short scarlet cloak and white under-robe. Wishing me a lively good morning, he gayly mounted the platform on which I had placed his chair, and the two cardinals stood while he was seated. You may imagine that, to an American, the etiquette of the Roman Court was interesting, if not amusing. The two cardinals, in waiting, stood like respectful statues—never venturing to speak unless addressed. The Vicegerent of God sat, tapping the lid of his gold snuff-box

in time to the airs of an opera, which he would occasionally hum. Whenever he rose they would fall upon their knees, and remain in that position until he took his seat again. At first, I was a little puzzled to know what to do on these occasions; but, as my business was to paint his portrait, I stuck to my work, and at last got so used to hear the rustling of his robes, when rising, followed by the sound of the marrow-bones of the attendants, rattling on the pavements, that I paid little or no attention, excepting to my picture. On the second or third day, while I was busily engaged in getting up the effect of my picture—thrashing in color right and left—as I was stepping back to examine the effect, I came very near knocking over the Pope, who had descended from his throne, and stood behind me, totally unconscious of his vicinity. ‘*Bravo! benissimo!*’ said he, approvingly. ‘I see you paint after the manner of the English school;’—turning to one of the cardinals, ‘How does it strike you as a likeness?’ asked he. ‘As true as the reflection from a mirror, *Santità.*’ ‘*Ci ho gusto,*’ said he, with a pinch of snuff. I finished my study of his head in a little more than a week, and told him I

should require no more sittings, if I could have the use of the robes, jewelry, &c. necessary to represent him in the act of giving benediction at high mass. He immediately gave orders to have them brought to me, with the key of the apartment."

"How long were you occupied in finishing your full-length?" asked Carroll, who was highly interested and amused by his friend's narration.

"About a month. It was my first whole-length of life-size, and I was obliged to proceed with great caution. I selected one of the academy models, who was of about the size and figure of the Pope, intending to use him not only as a model for the action, but as a lay figure for the costume. He was so elated at the idea of having been rigged out in all that papal finery, that he got as drunk as a fiddler on the money I paid him for his first *pose*, and I was obliged to dismiss him, and employed another model, who proved to be better suited to my purposes. I was requested to send word to His Holiness when my picture was finished, and he came with a large party, to pronounce upon it. He seemed in high spirits—was pleased to pay me

a very flattering compliment—and gave me a formal benediction.”

“I congratulate you, with all my heart,” said Carroll. “You see, Allston was right, when looking at one of your pictures which I showed him; he said, ‘I can only say of him what Carracci said of Domenichino, Give that lad rope enough, and there is no knowing how far he will carry the art.’ Was this your last interview with the Pope?”

“No,” replied Ames, laughing heartily. “My last interview with him was one of the drollest incidents I ever met with. About a month after this I went, with a medical friend, into the suburbs, to dine at a little *trattoria*, famous for the excellence of a certain dish, and a favorite resort of the artists. We were riding along quietly, chatting and laughing gayly, and enjoying the scenery, which is very picturesque in that neighborhood, when the coachman suddenly stopped his horses, dismounted from his box, and said that the papal *cortège* was approaching. We observed that everybody descended from their carriages, and waited for the Pope’s equipages to pass. So, we did the same. It is his custom to drive out at some

distance from the city, and then to leave his carriage, and walk, accompanied by some of the cardinals and gentlemen of his court. As he went by, all in our neighborhood dropped on their knees. My friend and I stood, respectfully bowing, with uncovered heads. The Pope, on seeing me, addressed me in English, asking after my health, present occupations, &c. and, wishing me good-bye, made the sign of benediction over my head. All the gentlemen of his train immediately took off their hats, and made a reverential salute, and they passed on. When we reëntered the carriage it was very amusing to observe that the coachman evidently took me for a foreign prince in disguise; he frequently turned round and stared at me as if he were in doubt whether I were the Emperor of Russia or King of Bavaria. Ten minutes afterwards the Pope had taken his seat in the carriage. On his return, driving past us again in a great hurry, he leaned towards us, and again made the sign of benediction. The same salutation from his whole court followed, and I was obliged to pay for playing the big man, for the first time in my life, by a *buonamano* of a dollar to the coachman,

who, previously, had expected only a paul or two."

Carroll laughed heartily; "Coachmen," said he, "make very frequent blunders in their estimation of the character of their fares, as they technically call them. My friend, Professor Felton, relates a very amusing story of an excursion which he made to the White Mountains last summer. The party consisted, if I remember rightly, of himself, Professors Agassiz, the naturalist, Peirce, the mathematician, and four or five other scientific friends. As they wound their way up a steep ascent the gentlemen left the carriage; and, walking along through the fields by the roadside, examined such objects as they found interesting. One took out a hammer, and pegged away upon some mineralogical specimen; another collected rare plants and flowers. When they returned to the coach they were all laden with the treasures which they had acquired, and with which they were delighted. One had a handful of stones, and the others had either wild flowers, or moths, beetles, and caterpillars pinned, in great quantities, upon their coat lappels. Mr. Felton, alone, sat in the coach, perusing a



favorite Greek author, whose style proved more attractive to him than the uncongenial exercise of butterfly hunting. 'Who are those fellows?' asked the coachman, on their third *sortie* from the coach in quest of new objects of interest. 'They are a party of naturalists,' said the Professor, wishing not to be interrupted. 'Ah!' replied he, with a wiseacre look, 'that accounts for it, poor fellows!'

"A few days afterwards the party was increased by the arrival, at the Mountain House, of a gentleman and lady, the former of whom, jokingly, told Felton that he had been driven there by the same coachman who had brought up his party, 'And a very pretty character he gives of you. "Last Thursday," said he, "I drove up a set of the queerest acting fellows I ever saw—they were dressed like gentlemen, and were all of them thirty-five or forty years of age; but they kept jumping out of the coach, and, like children of five or six years of age, run about the fields chasing after butterflies and insects, which they stuck all over their clothes. Their *keeper* told me they *was naturals*; and, judging by their conduct, I should say they was."' Thus, you see,

you passed for a foreign prince, and the learned, gentle, and amiable Greek professor, for the stern keeper of a set of idiots. What makes it still more ludicrous, is the fact that these supposed idiots possessed the soundest intellect, and were among the most brilliant scholars of the age."

"What sad smokers you Americans are," said Otway, joining the party. "This is my first and only cigar—it is but half consumed, and Carroll is now lighting his third. Smoking with an Englishman is, I think, an acquired habit; but, you Americans seem to have imbibed a love for tobacco with your mother's milk."

"Greenough made the same remark, yesterday," said Carroll, "and gave me a very amusing anecdote in illustration of it. A Virginia gentleman, on leaving Florence, gave him a large plug of Cavendish chewing-tobacco, assuring him that it was of the purest James River leaf, and unsurpassed for strength and flavor. Greenough accepted it with due acknowledgment; and, not using tobacco in that form, placed it on the mantel-piece of his studio, under some papers, and forgot it. A month or two afterwards a captain of the United States

navy—or commodore, as we style them—called, with a party of ladies, at his studio. ‘The commodore,’ said Greenough, ‘seemed jaded and out of humor, which I attributed to his having been dragged about sight-seeing, by the ladies, against his will. The fact was he had exhausted his supply of tobacco, and was wretched in consequence. Will you believe it, sir, with the true scent of a hound, he made a bee-line for the mantel-piece, and unhoused the tobacco? He applied it to his nostrils, nodded his head approvingly, and, whipping out a jack-knife, helped himself to a bountiful quid, and then put a large slice into his waistcoat pocket. The effect was instantaneous and miraculous—color came to his cheeks, his eyes sparkled, and he joined in the conversation with great glee and animation. When the ladies expressed a desire to take leave, I attended them to the door, when the commodore, taking me by the hand, “Mr. Greenough,” said he, “when I heard that Congress had ordered a statue of Washington (the Father of his country,) to be executed by a young artist, hardly twenty-five years of age, I thought it was a great mistake, and I lost no opportunity of expressing this

opinion both in public and private. But, sir, I am happy to say that, from some things which I have seen in this studio," (here he slyly exhibited a corner of the precious weed in his waistcoat pocket,) "I am perfectly satisfied that a wiser or more judicious choice could not have been made. Good day, sir. I am indebted to you for the pleasantest morning I have passed in Florence."'

"Capital!" said Otway. "That was so like my friend Jack Auchmuty, now dead and gone, poor fellow. He was a lieutenant in your navy, and was here in '31 or '32, and kept me in a constant roar by the liveliness of his wit and the exuberant flow of his spirits. When he was a midshipman—quite a boy—he happened to be stationed at Leghorn at the time Lord Byron was living there. Byron having expressed a desire to visit the American man-of-war, (the Constitution, I think,) Jack was sent on shore by the commander, at the head of a boat's crew, to bring him off. On their way to the vessel, Byron asked Jack to allow him to look at his sword, remarking that he was curious in the matter of arms. 'Certainly,' said Jack, unbuckling his sword, and presenting it.

Byron, after examining the workmanship, and trying the temper of the blade, looked for the name of the manufacturer, and, seeing that of a celebrated Sheffield house, he returned it, saying, 'I perceive that you Americans do not disdain to use British arms.' 'No, my lord,' said Jack, 'we make a point of using the best of every thing.' That was very neatly said."

"Confound that waiter," said Story; "he came very near upsetting the contents of my coffee-cup directly into your lap."

"I suppose he would not understand the force of the expression, if you called him '*unpertinent*.'"

"Who told you that?" asked Story.

"Tom Pearton, the American Sydney Smith, as I call him. He has said more good things, I believe, than any man living; his mind is so original, that whatever passes through it comes out tinged by a most racy humor and irresistible drollery. You know Dr. P., of Boston, who is remarkable for his ingenious application of science to various practical purposes. Among other things, he has invented a mode of embalming, which he boasts can be done, by his process, at a comparatively small cost. Some

one at the club, one day, mentioned him as a very remarkable man, known but little out of his own circle. 'I know all about him,' said Tom; 'he can embalm you cheaper than you can be buried, and make you a handsome ornament to any parlor.' I went with him one evening to see a new play, and proposed taking seats near the orchestra. 'Oh, no,' said Tom, 'I have a slight cold, and doubt the prudence of sitting so near those wind instruments.' His conversation sparkled, throughout the evening, like a fountain in sunshine. An isolated *jeu d'esprit* gives, however, no more idea of his wit than a cup of water from the fountain of its whole effect, while playing. Unlike the Italians and French, who point their meaning with their fingers, and enhance it by their shrugs, he sends forth the children of his brain with a *laissez-aller* air, as if he hardly thought the paternity did him honor."

As it was getting late, Carroll regretted that his friends had arrived in Florence just as he was leaving it. "But," said he, "you will remain here a month or two, you say. I shall endeavor to be back long before you leave—so, good night. Good-bye, Otway; good-bye, Spencer."



**PART III.**



**AUSTRIA AND ITALY IN 1847-8.**






## PART III.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### VIENNA.

THE fourth day after that described in the last chapter, found Carroll on the post-road leading from Milan to Vienna. The traveller who journeys from Italy northward, after passing the Alps, exchanges the ever-varying picturesqueness of its minute masses for prospects bounded by ranges of mountains, which, being of an uniform regularity of curve, become exceedingly tiresome and monotonous to the eye. To Carroll they seemed an illustration of the broad and inexpressive physiognomy of the quiet Germans, as compared with the changeable expressions and animated gestures of their more volatile and excitable neighbors of the south. An American finds the cool air bracing



and invigorating, and the language so similar to his own, in its sound and inflections, that it recalls to his memory the scenes of his childhood. Carroll had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the German language to read and write it with tolerable accuracy, but never having had the opportunity of speaking it, it fell strangely on his ear, and for a day or two it seemed to him as if he were listening to English words, incoherently put together. Stopping, one day, at a small inn by the roadside, to bait the horses and to dine, he took a seat in the carriage to smoke a cigar. A large mastiff, who stood near him, looked the original of a picture which he remembered to have seen in his primer, illustrating the lines,

"A was an archer, and shot at a frog,  
B was a butcher, and kept a big dog."

Amused by the reminiscence, he endeavored to renew his acquaintance with bow-wow, by imitating the whine of a puppy, which he did so well that the mastiff set up a fearful howling and barking. An old woman, who was polishing a score of brass candlesticks in a shed near by, smiling, made some remark in German,

which, to Carroll's ear, only conveyed the gratuitous information that he had "*gangrene in his ox-neck!*" By degrees, however, his ear became habituated to the pronunciation, and he was soon able not only to make known his wants, but to amuse himself by conversing with those he met.

Taking advantage of the railroad wherever it was possible, he made such speed that, on the seventh day, he found himself at the gates of Vienna, which although small in the circuit comprised within the walls, yet, taken with its numerous suburbs, struck him as one of the most imposing capitols he had seen. At a short distance from the Kaiser Thor, his carriage was stopped by an officer of the customs, who, after looking at his passport, addressed him in Italian, asking his name, age, and profession. Carroll, who in his own country, had always been styled "gentleman," and modestly considered himself at present only an amateur student of art, replied to the last question, that he had no profession, which had its due effect. "I understand," said the officer; "*rentier*, a gentleman travelling for pleasure. *Buon viaggio*. Your landlord will take care of your passport," and

he allowed him to go on without opening his trunks, although Carroll saw many others overhauled and examined with the most rigid strictness.

After a good night's rest at the "Erzherzog Carl," whither, in obedience to the recommendations of Murray's Guidebook, he had been conveyed, he breakfasted leisurely, and, summoning a *valet de place*, he ordered a coach, and drove at once to the American embassy.

On inquiring for Mr. S., Carroll learned that he was absent, but was told that his secretary could attend to any business he might have with the minister. Carroll sent up his card, and was presently ushered into a small office, where he found the secretary.

"Mr. Carroll," said the young man, rising, "I am sorry to say that Mr. S. is absent. He delayed his journey a day or two, supposing, from this package addressed to you, under his care, that you would soon be here. He desired me to deliver it, and to say that if your time and occupations would allow, he should be much gratified by your making him a visit at Graefenberg, whither he has gone to spend a month or two with his family."

"Graefenberg, I believe," said Carroll, "is the head-quarters of hydropathy. I hope that neither the health of Mr. S., nor of any of his family, requires such severe regimen as Priessnitz is said to impose on his patients."

"Oh, no, they are all very well; but suffering somewhat from the effects of being confined during a long and rather severe Austrian winter. The fresh mountain air and a light cure, which amounts only to a course of gymnastics, have been recommended to him by his physician. Our first physicians now recommend the water-cure in many cases. At Graefenberg you will find the best society, and Mr. S. said that he hoped you would join him."

"How far from here is it?" asked Carroll.

"About two hundred miles; you reach it by railroad and posting, in two days."

"I should be glad to see this somewhat notorious place," said Carroll, "to say nothing of the pleasure of meeting Mr. S."

He opened the package which he had received, and found the memorial and a letter from the princess. On running his eye over the contents, he saw that she urged him to lose no time in pressing the matter, and his mind was made up.

"Can I go to-day?" asked he.

"No, sir; the train left at seven this morning, and you will be obliged to wait till to-morrow. I will take care of your passport, and have it properly *visé*, and sent to your hotel. In the mean time you can amuse yourself by looking about the city."

Carroll expressed his thanks for the polite kindness of the secretary, and took his leave. Driving to the Imperial Gallery, he dismissed his coach, and spent some four or five hours in examining this rich collection. It was now near dinner-time, and he requested his guide to conduct him home, as he preferred walking the short distance, in order to see something of a new city so different from any he had yet visited. He was deeply impressed by the splendor of several palaces, pointed out by his guide, as the residences of rich and powerful nobles, by the elegance of their equipages, and the rich display of goods in the shop-windows, rivalling those of Paris or London. Cleanliness, and the prevalence of law and order were everywhere conspicuous. In most of the large streets and public places placards were posted, stating that "Begging, in this neighborhood, is strictly *forbidden*."

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Passing along the promenade upon the Bastion which surrounds Vienna proper, he was accosted by a little boy of about ten years of age, who offered for sale a withered bouquet of flowers. As their appearance was by no means tempting or attractive, Carroll declined purchasing, and the boy followed importuning him. Suddenly a gentleman, seated on a stone bench on the side-walk, sprang from his seat, and collaring the boy, dragged him along. Carroll was aware that the little fellow had fallen into the clutches of one of the secret police, who, undistinguished by their dress, are everywhere present to watch and punish all infractions of municipal edicts. The boy struggled in an agony of terror. "My mother is sick," he cried, "and I want to sell my flowers to buy her some bread." Carroll's heart was touched, and rushing to the officer, "excuse me a moment," he said, "the lad did not beg, he only offered his flowers for sale. Slipping a Napoleon into his hand, he put his arm around his waist and felt his little heart throbbing like a trip-hammer.

"He is a nuisance," said the officer, "and has been repeatedly cautioned not to come here."



"My dear sir," said Carroll, placing another Napoleon in the hand of the official, "I will be guaranty that he will not offend again, if you will let him go this time. Be merciful."

"Since you request it, your pleasure shall be done," said he, releasing his prey.

A sunny smile of gratitude and delight shone through the April tears of the little fellow, who thanked Carroll repeatedly, and then took to his heels contented and happy.

"Stern, cruel, and hateful Despotism," muttered Carroll to himself, "by your severe penal enactments you forbid poverty to obtrude its sorrows upon the ear of Luxury. The Sybarite's bed of roses must not contain a single withered leaf."

Passing through the Graben, (the Bond Street of Vienna,) he observed a peculiarity in the signs of the fashionable shops. Instead of lettered placards or signs, giving the names of the proprietors, as is usual, each window displayed a large picture, many of them having claim to considerable artistic merit. A full-length portrait of Prince Metternich, with an inscription "*Zum Fürsten Metternich*," showed that the establishment was named after that

celebrated personage. Not far from it, another of the Duc de Reichstadt was seen. A third exhibited a colossal human eye, painted in gigantic proportions. Carroll naturally took the shop for that of an optician, until he read the inscription, "*Zum Gottes Augen.*"—"At the sign of God's eye."

"Boy, what is this?" asked he, halting at a large stump of a tree in front of an elegant shop-window. It was entirely incased with iron nail heads, driven so closely together, that not a particle of the wood was to be seen.

"This is the blacksmith's stump," said the *valet de place*. "It is customary in Austria for young apprentices, in most of the trades, to travel for the space of three years, getting employment where they can. They carry with them a book called a Wander-book, in which are written the certificates of those by whom they are employed. They are called Wandering Apprentices. From time immemorial, every young blacksmith who has worked in Vienna, has recorded the fact by driving into this stump a nail of his own manufacture, until it has become impossible to insert another. This one on the top, marked by a cross, is said to have been

driven in after a lapse of many years, during which time it was thought impossible for any one to leave his mark."

"What a touching record of the coming and passing away of generations," thought Carroll. "Of all the hands which fashioned and planted here a specimen of their cunning, probably not one remains. The emulation and rivalry of these craftsmen have ceased, and they now repose in the bosom of mother earth, on a par with princes and nobles."

His guide then pointed to a baker's shop, ornamented by a piece of sculpture in *alto rilievo*, representing a Turk on horseback. "Here is an interesting relic of olden times. During the siege of Vienna by the Turks, a baker, then master of this shop, was one day surprised to hear the sound of voices speaking a foreign language near the walls of his cellar. It occurred to him that the enemy had mined his way into the city. He gave immediate information of the fact to the military commanders. The Turks were countermined and slaughtered. To reward the baker for having preserved the city and the lives of its inhabitants, the magistrates gave him the monopoly of a partic-

ular form of bread, called the *Gipfel*, or, as the Italians pronounce it, *Chifel*. It is made in the shape of a crescent, in token of its origin, and the baker is said to have acquired a large fortune."

Amused and entertained by gossip of this kind, Carroll arrived at his hotel, where a good dinner and a bottle of Johannisberg awaited him.

On perusing the long letter of the princess, he was delighted to find the following passage :—

"The words you spoke to me at the Cascade were seeds which fell upon good ground. They have caused me to reflect seriously upon the subject of religion—and to doubt the truth of that in which I was educated. I lately remarked to a learned bishop, that I had found Protestants generally men of pure characters and morals."

"For a very good reason, *cara mia*," said he. "They hope to enter Paradise on the merits of their good works, but we, the children of the true Church, are sure of our claims to admittance."

"I was much shocked by the inconsistency of this remark. I have searched the Scriptures with a fervent spirit of inquiry. I find no di-

vine authority for the institution of confession or the remission of sins. I look upon the Pope as anti-christ, and his followers 'as wolves in sheep's clothing.' In heart I am already a Protestant, but I have not the courage to become myself a martyr. While I remain in Rome I must conform to its laws, and trust that God will pardon me for 'rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Carroll sighed to think that the crown of grace of perfection was now put upon the already too dearly beloved, and that she could never be his.

## CHAPTER II

## LIFE AT GRAEFENBERG.

ON the morning of Carroll's departure from Vienna, the young American Secretary called and proposed to accompany him to the railway station. "You will take the cars to Hohenstadt," said he, "and thence by a post-coach you will arrive at Freywaldau on the evening of the second day. Freywaldau is a small village at the foot of the mountain called Graefenberg, on which Priessnitz's establishment stands at a distance of a mile or more. At Freywaldau there is a tolerable inn, and plenty of comfortable lodging-houses, in one of which you will find Mr. S." Bidding the young man good-by at the station, Carroll took his seat in a second-class car, as recommended by the Secretary, on account of the privilege of smoking, announced by a long inscription

painted on the outside. He was seated by the side of a gentlemanly and intelligent German, to whom the offer of an Havana cigar served as an introduction. The German pointed out many objects of interest, which would otherwise have escaped his attention. "We are now passing through the estates of Prince Lichtenstein, one of the largest landholders in Austria. They extend on each side of the road for more than ten miles."

Carroll remarked upon the high state of cultivation in the wheat fields and pastures; he observed large droves of fine cattle and sheep tended by peasants in sheepskin jackets. The weather was fine, and the landscape reminded him of the sunny views, scenes, and subjects portrayed by the true pencil of Cuyp.

After sleeping at Hohenstadt, he had a tedious ride over bad roads, through an uninteresting country. The log cabins, with their neighboring manure heaps, (which met his eye at every turn,) seemed more like those of an Irish peasantry than of the Germans who are noted for cleanliness.

At about 8 o'clock of the evening, a merry blast of the postilion's bugle told Carroll that

the fatigues of the day would soon be over. The horses dashed into the square of Freywaldau in fine style, and brought up at the door of a modest inn, under the sign of the *Goldene Krone*.

The landlord, Heinrich Wirth, welcomed the traveller in English, and showed him into a comfortable parlor with a bedroom adjoining.

"Will you take any supper?" asked he, "I can give you some soup, fried trout, and a roasted hare, in five minutes."

"By all means," said Carroll. "What wines have you?" Wirth handed a little card showing a list of his wines.

"How is your Markobrunner?"

"I think you will say that you never drank better."

While Carroll washed and changed his dress, the table was laid, and supper brought up, which proved to be admirably cooked, and the wine fully worthy the landlord's boast.

"Do you know where Mr. S., the American Minister, is living?"

"Directly opposite, sir."

"I should like to send a note to him. I



have invited him to breakfast with me to-morrow, at 9 o'clock."

"It shall be sent at once, sir. I must trouble you for your passport."

The messenger returned in a few minutes, bringing a cordial acceptance, and Carroll having read for an hour or two, retired to rest, after a day of great fatigue.

On the following morning, his ears were greeted by the lively strains of music, which seemed to be directly under his window. Looking out he saw a band of men and women, numbering from eight to ten, playing on different instruments. Three of the women played the violin, and one of them a harp. The men were blowing French horns, clarionets, and flutes. They played admirably many of Strauss's waltzes and polkas, which Carroll enjoyed highly.

Having completed his toilette, he entered the parlor, where he found Wirth preparing the breakfast.

"I hope you have enjoyed your *matinée*," said he, coining a word. "It is in honor of your arrival. Each new comer is welcomed in this way."

"Indeed," said Carroll. "It is a pleasant custom—give them whatever is proper and charge it in my bill."

"Five *gulden* is a handsome remuneration," replied the landlord, taking out a bank-note of that amount; "perhaps they would receive it more kindly if you would do them the honor to bestow it yourself—you can easily drop it from the window. It is the Laurenz family. They are our village musicians, and are amongst our most respectable burghers."

"With all my heart," said Carroll. On throwing down the money, he was saluted by bows and courtesies from all. They then played "God save the King," taking him for an Englishman.

"How do they learn the arrival of a stranger?" asked he.

"From the police, who have notice of the arrival of every person within an hour; this is required by law."

Mr. S. soon made his appearance. After an exchange of salutations and expressions of pleasure at meeting, the two friends sat down to breakfast, and the host left them.

"I must apologize for the liberty I have taken

in inviting you here, instead of calling on you," said Carroll, "but the fact is, as I stated in my note, that I have a favor to ask, which I could not mention with propriety in the presence of others."

He then stated the object of his visit, and succeeded in interesting his friend in behalf of the Amalfis. Mr. S. assured him that he would lose no time in forwarding the memorial, and had no objections to ask for an immediate consideration of it, as a favor personal to himself. After perusing the document, he expressed his approval, and strong hopes that it would produce the desired effect. "If not, I shall make a point of going in person, and urging the matter strongly."

Our hero's mind was now at ease, and the conversation took another turn.

"How do you contrive to pass your time here?" asked Carroll, whose ideas of the mode of life at a water-cure establishment were rather gloomy.

"Very pleasantly, indeed. There is plenty of good society, composed of the nobles, the learned, and fashionable of all countries. One is constantly meeting new characters. Society

is on an easy and familiar footing. There is no want of balls and parties, and then there is not only a capital company of actors at the little theatre, but a Casino, or Club, where you get all the papers, and play billiards."

"The acquisition of health and spirits, is a common object, and forms a sort of brotherhood among the cure-guests. It is very amusing to see a nobleman and a shopkeeper both wearing the same Graefenberg costume, drinking from the same fountains, and comparing notes of their individual cases. Let us adjourn to the window, where we can smoke our cigars, and take a peep at some of the celebrities of the place."

From the description his friend had given of the society there, Carroll expected to see a great display of fashion and wealth. And he was surprised to observe only groups of men and women looking like convicts in a prison-yard, or lunatics escaped from an asylum. The dress of most of the men consisted of a loose pair of linen pantaloons, fastened around the waist by a cord and tassel; a cravatless shirt, and a linen sack. They were without hats, and the close crop of their hair gave them a peculiarly ungraceful appearance.

The women's loose dresses were almost as unambitious of elegance as the men's. Many of them wore no stockings, and their hair hung in wet and dishevelled masses on their shoulders. Such was the general appearance of those who were taking an active cure. Among them, (few and far between,) were seen officers, beaux, and belles, in the most fashionable, and sometimes picturesque, costumes. These, Mr. S. informed Carroll, were "generally guests who had made the cure with success, and were remaining only for amusement, and the effect of the bracing mountain air."

"That tall, strongly-built gentleman, who walks with difficulty up and down the square, supported by his *Badediener*, or bath-servant, is Baron T., formerly a cavalry officer in the Dutch service. He is the oldest resident graduate here, to use a college term. He has made a five years' cure through summer and winter. During this time he has seen many brilliant cures which confirm his confidence, and he assured me, that the rigors of a severe winter's course of bathing were to him a bed of roses, compared to what he suffered previously.

"That lady, who moves in such state, accom-

panied by her daughter, and followed by a servant in showy livery, is the Countess Czechenyi, wife of the celebrated Hungarian noble, to whom his countrymen are indebted for most of the public improvements. Count Czechenyi not only improved the navigation of the Danube, but established the line of steamboats which run regularly up and down that river. He is a man of great patriotism, talent, and public spirit. The young lady is the Countess Zichy, his step-daughter. She is making the cure with great assiduity and success.

“Near them you see a lady, accompanied by two gentlemen, with orders in their button-holes. The one on the right is the Tuscan Minister at Vienna, and the other Count Galuzzi from Florence. The lady is the Marchesa Caraffa, who, in a month’s cure, seems to have thrown off twenty years of her age.

“Here comes Priessnitz; he has just entered the square on horseback; see how the guests flock around him in groups, each one waiting his turn to report his case, or to ask some important question.

“As his patients number at present over one thousand, you may imagine that he is obliged,

like a general, to give curt orders, and admits no questioners. But it is now eleven o'clock, and Mrs. S. will take her morning's walk. Will you join us ? ”

Mrs. S., a young, handsome, and most amiable lady, received Carroll with cordial affability on his being presented as the particular friend of her husband. “ Let us drop in at the Wychilini Garden,” said she, “ where the boys are waiting for me.”

“ This garden was laid out by a German baron of that name, in gratitude for a brilliant cure made him some four or five years since. He also left a fund, the interest of which pays the gardener, who has charge of it. It is a favorite resort of the nurses and *bonnes* with their little flocks.”

“ Come, children,” said she, on entering, “ leave your play, and take your morning draught.”

Two rosy-cheeked boys dashed up to the fountain, and each three times emptied the contents of a little cut-glass Bohemian tumbler, which their mother drew from her pocket.

“ What a pretty little tumbler,” said Carroll, examining it. It was of ruby-colored glass,

flattened at the sides, making a convenient form for the pocket. It was skilfully engraved with views of some of the principal fountains of Graefenberg, with their monuments.

"It is Bohemian," she replied. "An immense number of these glasses is annually sent from Prague to this market. At Seyfert's, you will see some exquisite specimens."

Ascending a few steps, the party struck into a broad path, well macadamized, which ran in a zigzag course, up the sides of Mount Graefenberg. The day was fine, and the air delicious. At short distances from one another, were fountains, which, springing originally in gurgling rills from the mountain sides, had been confined by solid masonry, and made to spout their waters into marble basins. These fountains, or *quelle*, as they are called by the Germans, were all of different forms and designs. To Carroll's eye, one of the most imposing was the Hungarian, so called from its being erected by a subscription confined to the Hungarians at Graefenberg. Its design represented a granite pedestal, on which a lion of the size of life, reposed in cast-iron. The spring issued from an orifice in the pedestal, and the waters fell into a cast-iron sink on the ground.



Carroll had the curiosity to taste of each of these fountains, and found them invariably soft and pure as filtered rain-water, remarkably cold and sparkling with oxygen, like soda-water. As they approached the summit of the forest steep, they entered a grove of primitive forest-trees, which was crossed by intersecting by-paths, affording opportunity to exercise in the shade in hot weather.

On leaving the wood, they came to Priessnitz's establishment, standing about half-way between the base and summit of the mountain. The main building was a large, quadrangular house of many stories, crowned by a steep, gable-roof. An *ail* or wing at one end, bounded the yard or court, in which Priessnitz's *quelle* stood. Crowds of peasant girls flocked around, offering plates and baskets of fresh mountain strawberries for sale.

On stopping to drink at the fountain, Carroll, who was much heated by the unwonted exercise of climbing mountains, was surprised to observe that his companions seemed livelier and fresher than on starting.

"It is the effect of the baths we took preparatory to our walk," said Mrs. S. "You

must try the *douche* before returning. Let us rest awhile in the hall."

On entering the large *Speise-saal*, or dining-room, Carroll, who had anticipated meeting among the patients many painful or revolting sights, was astonished to observe the general appearance of health and spirits remarkable on the faces of some fifty or sixty persons who were walking up and down the room, playing chess, or conversing in little groups.

"You would hardly imagine," said S., "that some of these patients are afflicted with severe chronic diseases, many of whom, previous to coming, were confined to their beds. When the Archduke John was here, a few months ago, to visit the establishment, the guests got up a ball in honor of the occasion. The hall was decorated with great ingenuity and taste. A band of music played, and all joined either in the dance or promenade.

"The Archduke asked to see some of Priessnitz's patients, seeing no signs of invalidism around him. 'Here they are, your Highness. I believe only two are absent.' He then retired with him into a corner, and calling up several of his worst cases, he introduced them

to the duke, who was much interested in listening to a recital of symptoms, diseases, and cures. On his return to Vienna, he forwarded to Priessnitz a large gold medal of the Emperor and a diploma, as a reward for his invention of the water-cure."

"Your account is very interesting, and I am curious to learn something of this system which I have always heard sneered at as a piece of impudent charlatanism."

"I shall refer you to Baron T., who is quite *au fait* in the matter. Will you try a *douche* before going home?"

"With all my heart," said Carroll, who felt as if he were fast becoming a convert to something utterly opposed to all common sense.

Sauntering leisurely along, they came to a fork of the path, where a sign-board indicated that the right-hand path led to the Ladies' *douche*, and the left to the Gentlemen's.

Mr. S. and Carroll, followed by the two boys, took the latter path, and soon arrived at the *douche*-house, where they found Mr. S.'s *Badediener* in waiting with an armful of sheets. The boys were allowed to *douche* first, while Carroll and Mr. S. seated themselves on a bench outside.

Carroll's turn came next. Having received from the *Badediener* the necessary instructions, he entered the *douche*-room. A stream of water about five or six inches in diameter, led by means of a wooden spout from a mountain-stream above, fell from the height of fifteen or twenty feet upon the floor beneath with deafening sounds. Taking a wooden platter in his hand, and gently applying its edges to the stream, he caused the water to spray over his face and chest. Then turning round, he received the whole force of the *douche* upon his back and shoulders. By slightly changing his position, he directed the water to all parts of his body.

The height of the fall of water gave it great force, and the temperature was so low that its icy coldness caused his skin to tingle as if from the lash of a whip. He was unable to endure it for more than one minute, and returned to the dressing-room; his skin, glowing with a healthy reaction—and his muscles, knotted up like those of a trained athlete.

He was immediately enveloped in a capacious, coarse linen sheet, by the *Badediener*, who began vigorously to rub and dry him.

Two opposite windows were then opened, in order to create a thorough draught, in which Carroll flapped the sheet with his arms, while the servant shook it from behind, creating a strong current of air. And he was, for the first time of his life, initiated into the mysteries of the *Luft-bad*. Coming to the outside, as Mr. S. entered, Carroll felt the air warm, balmy, and fragrant; all his senses were doubly acute. As he quaffed a draught from a neighboring *quelle*, the sky seemed to have gained an intensity and purity of azure, which he had seldom seen equalled.

The merry sound of laughter from the two boys, who were chasing each other among the trees, soon caught his ear, and, joining them, he frisked and capered around with all the gayety of a child.

"Bravo!" said Mr. S., who had finished dressing, after his *douche*; "I see that your bath has had the proper effect."

They were soon joined by Mrs. S., and the whole party merrily descended at a quick pace.

Carroll accepted, with pleasure, an invitation to dine at the S.'s. It was so long since he had found himself in the bosom of an American

family, that he felt quite at home. He was much amused by the lively sallies of the boys, who were fine specimens of Young America; and the modest elegance of the manners of their sister, struck him as very engaging.

"Do you ever bathe in the river, Bobby?" asked he of one of them.

"River?" replied the lad; "I have not seen one in Europe—they are all mere brooks! I have jumped over the bed of many a one, with a big name. I wonder what they would say to some of our streams, if they call these *rivers*?"

Carroll was amazed at the extent of their appetites—Mrs. S. apologized, with a smile, "You have no idea of the effect of the water-cure. Priessnitz says that the waste of animal heat, under the cure, requires a corresponding supply from food."

"Those boys," said S., "each consume daily the rations of an old salt at sea;—you have seen only half a specimen of their prowess; wait until the pudding comes on."

A *Kug-lupf*, or pudding, of the size and shape of a man's hat, soon made its appearance, and was speedily demolished.

After an hour's pleasant chat at the dinner-

table, Mr. S. and Carroll, lighting cigars, strolled over to the Casino, adjoining the hotel, where he subscribed and became a member.

A mixed party of Russians, Germans, French, Italians, and English, were smoking and playing at billiards, or lounging in the reading-room. Carroll made many agreeable acquaintances, and adjourned from the smoke and noise of the club-rooms to a seat under an awning, in front of the house. Here he was introduced to Baron T., the paralyzed Dutch officer, whom he found a very gentlemanly and agreeable person. He spoke English so well that one would have taken him for an Englishman.

The Baron gave him an interesting account of his experiences, and endeavored to explain to him his ideas of the water-cure. "It is," said he, "a philosophy rather than a system of medicine—Priessnitz does not pretend that water is a specific, or a panacea. The mode of applying it is much varied by circumstances. As far as I understand it, the theory is this: The force of vitality is in proportion to the rapidity of the currents of caloric from the internal and vital organs, to the exterior, and back again.

“ Now, this rapidity may be increased in two opposite ways : first, by the generation of internal heat, by means of food and stimulants, which is the normal mode of refection ; or, secondly, by the application of cold to the exterior, which causes the caloric of the interior to rush outward, in order to supply that which has been abstracted.

“ This hypothesis explains many of the phenomena of daily experience ; as, for instance, the lassitude and debility of extremely hot weather, the bracing and invigorating effects of clear cold weather, and the chilliness experienced in the first stages of digesting a hearty dinner.

“ Priessnitz's system, expressed in general terms, amounts to this : By the constant alternations of heat and cold, which he produces by his applications, he creates in the sick body those changes which take place naturally in the healthy one. A morning's packing puts your body into a fine glow, calling the blood to the surface—you are then plunged into an icy cold bath, and the caloric is rapidly forced back to your vitals. On leaving the bath a healthy reaction takes place ; and on rubbing, drying, and



dressing yourself, you enjoy a pleasant glowing warmth again. If you remain inactive this subsides, and leaves you chilly. You are ordered to walk or run till you are perfectly comfortable—you then drink freely of water, which chills you again, and again exercise and drink for an hour or two.

“The action of water, taken in this manner, seems to be twofold. There is a mechanical action caused by the churning, as it were, of this column of water, by the means of the motion of the body, operating like a manipulation of the viscera, and other organs—clearing and carrying off all viscid and impure secretions.

“There would seem to be, also, a chemical action, which separates the oxygen from the water in large quantities, and infuses it into the system. Certain it is, that most patients who take the cure successfully, experience from their morning draughts of water, an exhilaration of spirits seldom attained by the use of champagne.

“Professor Liebig, a great authority with us, remarked that Priessnitz’s theory seemed to him not only sound, but extremely ingenious.

I understand him to aim at the rapid formation of new organic matter by means of a rapid combustion, produced by artificial means. I am convinced, that under his treatment a greater amount of combustion takes place in three months than in as many years of a natural life. The amount of food taken by a water-cure guest, with impunity, proves the extent of this increased combustion."

"It is very interesting," said Carroll, "to hear an educated philosopher and chemist explain a system intuitively framed by the genius of a peasant."

The reply of the Baron, who thus far had spoken very fluently, and with a perfectly English accent and pronunciation, proved to Carroll how difficult it was for one to master entirely a foreign language, for in a short sentence he contrived to mispronounce three words in a most ludicrous manner. Priessnitz had a month or two previously suffered from a rush of blood to the head.

"It is usual," said Baron T. "to speak of Priessnitz as a *pizzant*. It had been better for him to have continued the life of a *pizzant*; had he been in the habit of occasionally hand-

ling the *pluff*, he would not have been threatened with *a-pop-plexy*."

In the evening, Carroll accompanied Mr. and Mrs. S. to a ball given by the Graefen-bergers to the inhabitants of Freywaldau. The *Speise-saal* was brilliantly illuminated. The Laurenz band was playing lively *mazurkas* and *polkas*. The guests had laid aside their cure-dresses for their usual fashionable costumes. Carroll with difficulty recognized in the elegantly attired and order-bespangled waltzers, gentlemen whom he had seen playing billiards in their shirt sleeves at the Casino in the afternoon. Madame R—, who had been pointed out to him as the wife of a distinguished Russian general, had exchanged her morning dress of a richly embroidered sack, plumed hat, red Russia leather boots, and a silver-mounted drinking horn, for a most *recherché* robe of white silk, sparkling with diamonds, and black velvet boots in which she stamped her pretty feet in time to the *mazurka*. The scene was lively, brilliant, and amusing.

Suddenly starting, "Surely," exclaimed Carroll, "Graefenberg is a land of Paradoxes! Do you see that negro dancing in the same set

with Madame R. ? Look, she extends her hand to him with the same coquettish smile as to her handsome and graceful partner."

S. smiling, remarked, "that negroes were so rare and little known in Europe, that they were admitted on the same footing as whites. This man is the village dancing-master, and as he directs the dances, he joins the company, and is rather a pet with the ladies."

Count Galuzzi, to whom Carroll had been introduced, overhearing this conversation, observed—"I can easily understand how this strikes you. An American, I presume, would not think of dining with a negro any more than a Russian noble with one of his serfs. I believe you consider them as an inferior order of men."

"And with reason I think. To say nothing of their intellect, their bodily organizations, physiologists tell us, prove them to be a link between men and the quadrupeds. The manner in which their *pelvis* or hips are placed upon their legs gives their bodies an inclination forward, similar to that of an orang-outang; to counterbalance this, the head is thrown back and upwards."

.

"In fact," returned the Count, laughing heartily, "now that you mention it, I remember this peculiarity in a man, whom my father employed as a stylish footman when I was a boy. Whenever Sambo, equipped in a Turkish costume, went towards the stables with a shambling gait, all the servants would gibe at and quiz him, by asking him what he expected to find up in the air."

"It is curious to observe," said Carroll, "that the Greeks, who aimed at the *beau idéal* of the Caucasian race, always gave to their gods and heroes an inclination of the head forwards in the opposite direction."

"Very true," replied the Count, "witness the Phidian Jove, and the antique heads of Juno, Minerva, and Bacchus."

As it was now late in the evening, Carroll hastened home, and thus ended his first experiences in Graefenberg.

## CHAPTER III.

## A LITERARY MARCHESA.

LEST the reader should suspect the author of being a water-cure doctor in disguise, he would inform him, that the slight sketch which he has given of the theory and practice of Hydropathy was necessary to enable him to understand and appreciate some of the incidents which Carroll met with during a short stay at Freywaldau. The reader should always be put *au courant* with the hero. Carroll found himself surrounded by a set of people who seemed to be standing on their heads, and doing every thing in a way the very reverse to what he was accustomed to. He naturally asked reasons for what appeared so preposterous. Curiosity led him to go through one day's cure, to enable him to watch its effects and experience its sensations.

As he was in the enjoyment of perfect health, he wisely abstained from continuing the cure,

having been cautioned by those best informed, that water is a more powerful stimulant than coffee, wine, or tobacco. And he became an amused spectator, but not a participator.

During the week, while he was anxiously waiting for a reply to his friend S.'s application in favor of the Marquis Amalfi, his time was occupied by making excursions on foot or on horseback with the S.'s, in sketching likenesses of the boys and pretty Miss Mary, and occasional walks and conversations with new and agreeable acquaintances.

On the morning of his trial of the effects of a *Sitzbad*, he left the hotel with a conviction that he thoroughly ~~understood~~ the sensations of the prince, described in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, as having been transformed into marble from his waist downwards. At a neighboring *quelle*, he found Count Galuzzi doubled up, and his teeth chattering with cold.

"*Buon giorno, caro,*" said he. "Of all the devices invented by the ingenuity of man, that of the *Sitzbad* must be considered as the masterpiece."

"Priessnitz wishes his patients to exercise, and in order to incite them, he plunges the

nether man into a tub of ice-cold water, from ten to twenty minutes, according to the physical calibre of the individual. When Napoleon wished to capture a difficult position, he would plant cannon behind his soldiers, and threaten to fire on them if they did not go ahead. In the same way Priessnitz plants an enemy in the rear, which forces one onward. If you stop, you freeze, and you rush on in search of exercise and warmth.—Let us take a run.”

Laughing heartily, Carroll joined him in a brisk trot up the hill. Ten minutes’ exercise restored the equilibrium of caloric, and slackening their pace, they began to talk of Italy, art, and pictures.

“As you are an artist,” said the Count, “I am curious to know which of the old masters ranks highest in your estimation.”

“The old masters,” replied Carroll, “have such distinct qualities, that it is impossible almost to compare them. Michel Angelo, by his sublime creations, takes the imagination by storm. Raphael captivates it by the beauty of his forms, and the sweet truth of his delineation of the affections. Titian seduces your eye from the contemplation of form or sentiment by



the brilliancy and truth of his exquisite color;—his use of color reminds one of Shakspeare's use of words. As a *painter*, Titian must rank first in the estimation of every painter. If an artist tells me that he is indifferent to color, and devotes his attention to form, I should answer, that he had mistaken his vocation, and ought to have studied sculpture."

"I understand the *gist* of your remarks," said the Count. "Many qualities and excellences are necessary to the formation of a painter; invention, composition, poetry, drawing, and coloring. Some are distinguished for one quality alone, others for another, and some by a fair or average proportion of all. Nothing human is perfect. But as a painter, skilful in the use of the distinguishing materials of his art, you consider Titian your master. Of all the pictures I have seen, the Ascension of the Virgin, by Murillo, impressed me most powerfully. When I was a young man, on a visit to Paris, I was anxious to visit the celebrated collection of Marshal Soult. Prof. Denon, the Egyptian traveller, (to whom I had letters,) offered to take me with him. As he had the privilege of entrance at all times, he proposed that we

should wait until Friday, on which day the public is excluded, and we should have a better opportunity for examination.

"Accordingly, we went together, and I was standing lost in admiration of Murillo's *chef-d'œuvre*, when a shabby, little old man by my side, asked: '*Eh, bien, Monsieur, qu'en pensez vous?*' I warmly and enthusiastically expressed my pleasure and surprise, which, I said, was the greater, from my having supposed Murillo only a painter of gypsies and beggars. 'Ha,' said the old man, 'This is Murillo, who is worth all your Titians and Tintorets.'

"Supposing that he mistook me for some poor devil of a *pittoruccio*, I felt somewhat nettled, and replied, 'Whatever may be your estimation of these great masters, I only know that all there is of merit in France has been stolen from Italy.' During this speech, which was delivered with some warmth, Denon kept nudging me, and pulling my sleeve in a peculiar manner. As soon as he had an opportunity, 'Excuse me, Marshal Soult,' said he, 'I ought to have introduced my young friend, Count Galuzzi, who is not aware to whom he is speaking.' 'Under ordinary circumstances,' said the

Marshal much excited, 'I should be most happy to make his acquaintance, but he has used language which appears to me *un peu trop fort*.'

"I saw in what a position I was placed, but remembering that a *bon-mot* had frequently saved the life of a Frenchman, when pressed on by a mob, to the cry of '*À la lanterne!*' I said:—

"A personal *rencontre* between us, Marshal, could not add to your military fame. Should I fall, perhaps your conscience might reproach you for having taken the life of a young man, whose only offence was that he defended his country with indiscreet zeal."

"The Marshal slapped me on the back, '*Vous avez raison*,' said he. '*Oublions tout cela!* Come with me, and I will show you the gem of my gallery.'

"Imagine my feelings on seeing an exquisite Leonardo da Vinci, which General L. stole from my father when he was quartered upon him in Genoa. L. had a painter in his train who made a copy, which he left in the frame in place of the original. The theft was not discovered until it was too late."

"Of whom did you buy this picture," asked I.

"Of General L.; I gave him only ten thousand francs. It is richly worth a hundred thousand."

"General L.," I exclaimed, "was a thief and a brigand. I told his nephew so, and he was obliged to pocket the insult. This picture, Marshal, belonged to my father, as can be proved by an original letter from Leonardo to one of my ancestors. The document is in our family archives. General L. was quartered on my father, and after his departure, a vile copy was found in the place of the original. The letter of Leonardo is at your service, as it proves the originality of your picture. I was as good as my word, and forwarded to him the document."

"What an interesting anecdote," said Carroll. "After what had passed, I should have supposed the Marshal would have felt bound to restore it."

"Or, at least, to have left it to me in his will, but he never did so. But I see the Marchesa Caraffa is waiting for me at the French fountain. Let me introduce you; she speaks English almost as well as you do Italian."

"Marchesa, allow me to present Signor

Carroll, an American gentleman, who having an artistic turn, paints for his amusement."

"I have formed a high idea of the promise of American art," said the Marchesa, "from the great reputation of your sculptors in Italy, and also from the few specimens of your poetry which I have met with. Among the books I brought with me to while away my time were a few modern English and American poets.

"I was as much disappointed by the English as pleased and surprised by the American. The fashionable English poems, compared with the older poets, remind me of a modern building erected by the side of a long admired classical example. One is at first attracted by a novelty of style, which on examination and study is found to result from the violation or subversion of theories and practices established on sound and scientific principles. I presume it is to Wordsworth that we must ascribe the apostasy of the new school. He seems to have said to himself—'Hitherto poets have generalized and omitted details. To me details have a peculiar attraction. I will create a new school. By an accumula-

tion of detail I will sympathetically build up in the imagination of the reader, the images I wish to convey. Again, similes and metaphors so much in vogue, filling the imagination with two ideas at the same time, must weaken the images and dilute the thought. By the use of simple and direct epithets I will give strength and vigor to my language.' Surely this is false doctrine. In the older English poets, such as Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, I recognize these qualities, which in our Italian habits of criticism, are required in all branches of the fine arts.

" Your American poets seem to be disciples of the same school, and not rash innovators. Longfellow, for instance, is romantic in his legends, dramatic in his plots, musically harmonious in his verse, and graphic in his descriptions. I know of no poet who has so happily painted the peculiarity of scenery, manners, or customs—catching, as it were, the aroma of the soil of the country he describes, and conveying to the reader those subtle sensations experienced by a traveller in a foreign land. His images are full of beauty, his thought original, and his sentiment elevating,

delicate, and refined. Of Lowell and Holmes I have read less. The former seems not to have faltered, hesitating between the comic and tragic muses, but to have wooed them alternately. He must be a man of keen susceptibility and wide sympathies, to have won favors from two such dissimilar mistresses. How full of tenderness and noble feeling are his poems, and how irresistibly comic are his humorous productions! In Holmes, I admire the artistic finish by which he conceals the art. His polished lines seem so many crystallizations, (if my metaphor savors not too much of the blue stocking,) of wit and wisdom, held in solution in equal proportions. I promise myself much pleasure in a further perusal of all three."

"Have you read Emerson," asked Carroll.

"Very little. He challenges my admiration, but does not win my sympathies. He *plays round the head, but touches not the heart.*"

"I never unravel one of his intricately involved stanzas, without seeing the writhings of a thought stretched and tortured on the rack of his ingenuity, until all life and spirit are extinct. His thoughts resemble a cocoon. When you have unwound its finely spun

threads you are disappointed in finding an inanimate grub instead of a full fledged butterfly, panting with the pleasures of a new existence and the pride of conscious beauty." The sparkling eyes of the Marchesa revealed to Carroll her consciousness of having achieved a brilliant and effective sentence.

"He has many admirers in England as well as in America," said Carroll. "He is a man of deep sympathies and has a noble and generous heart. The strongest proof I can give you of his talent and merit, which you seem to underrate, is the fact that he is an intimate friend of the three poets you have mentioned, by whom he is equally admired and beloved."

"It may be that I lack the capacity to understand him. In that case, it is not his fault but my misfortune."

Observing that the Count was listening with interest, Carroll continued: "Your remarks upon poetry are very suggestive, and illustrate certain ideas which I have formed upon art in general. I agree with you, it is a great error to suppose that the presentation of two or more ideas at the same time, weakens the image or impression. On the contrary I feel



that it is strengthened just as the intensity of a color is heightened by a juxtaposition with another of a different hue. Leonardo da Vinci tells us that every color is most beautiful when placed near another, resembling though varied from itself. I always consider the multiplicity of ideas suggested by a work of art as a test or measure of its merit.

“ Whenever we see, in painting or sculpture, a face faultless in symmetry and features, but insipid from a want of expression, we say it lacks poetry. It conveys but one idea—that of animal beauty.

“ A good mechanical eye will enable a sculptor, by means of measurements, to put together a figure exquisitely formed and proportioned; but, unless he conveys the expression of some act or passion which shall excite the imagination, filling it with pleasurable ideas, he has failed to make a work of art.

“ A stronger illustration of this idea is furnished by architecture: A building may be soundly, strongly, and scientifically constructed; if, however, it suggests no idea of beauty or elegance or comfort—if it does not wear a strong expression of purpose, and does not

please the eye by the harmony of its proportions, and an appearance of unity, varied by graceful and harmonious details, it is not architecture, but only masonry."

"All this," said the Count, "may be very interesting to you, who understand these matters; but I, who begin to be tortured with the hunger of an Ugolino, am tantalized with visions of hot coffee, rolls, and butter—Priessnitz interdicts the use of coffee; but, Signor Carroll, try the cure a week—abstain from its use, and then breakfast upon coffee, and you shall enjoy sensations, compared with which, the pleasures of opium-eating are mere moonshine." Giving his arm to the Marchesa, the Count gayly saluted Carroll, and turned homeward to enjoy, as he said, "the sweets of forbidden fruit."

"Who is the Marchesa Caraffa?" asked Carroll, of Captain Bolera, who soon joined him in his walk.

"She is the *chère amie* of Count Galuzzi, for whose society she deserted her husband, some ten years ago, when the Count removed from Genoa to Florence. They do not live under the same roof, for that is not according to etiquette, but they are as inseparable as hus-

band and wife. They always visit together, and the relation between them is perfectly understood. The young Marquis Caraffa, who is now making the cure here, bears such a strong resemblance to Galuzzi, that there can be no doubts as to his paternity."

"Really!" said Carroll, who was amused at the plain-spoken bluffness of the soldier. "May it not be mere scandal and suspicion?"

"You shall judge for yourself," said the Captain. "The other morning, when it was raining very hard, I stood talking with the Count in the Wychilini Garden, when young Caraffa came up, looking very pale, and his teeth chattering, 'Have you sworn to be more eccentric than all the most eccentric Graefenbergers?' asked Galuzzi, with an air of paternal authority. 'Yesterday, when the sun was shining without a cloud in the sky, you sported an umbrella; to-day, when it rains cats and dogs, you are without one.' 'Priessnitz told me to avoid the heat of the sun,' replied the lad; 'and advised me to expose myself to the influence of the weather as much as possible.' '*T' ài ragione, caro,*' said Galuzzi, affectionately. 'I consider it my duty to stir him up, now and

then,' said he, when Caraffa had gone, 'otherwise he would be too happy. He has just gone through a cure which would have killed a man, unless blessed with an iron constitution. He had a dangerous fever, but Priessnitz has got him through it.' I remarked that he was a fine boy, 'And he seems very fond of you,' I added. The Count smiled, and answered, '*È un figlio saggio, che conosce il suo padre.*' Accenting the proverb, so that it would be translated 'He is a wise son, and knows his father.' "

"The information was as direct as wittily expressed," said Carroll, who was interested at this first instance of cicisbeism which had ever fallen directly under his notice. It gave rise to many new and curious reflections as he walked homewards.

## CHAPTER IV.

## REGENERATION OF ITALY.

ONE morning, as Carroll was whiling away the time, by looking over a volume of Goethe's poems, a young Englishman, of the name of Singleton, who had taken a great fancy to our hero, dropped in, ostensibly to make a call. For a few moments, he seemed somewhat embarrassed and absent-minded.

Taking up the volume which lay upon the table, "Do you write poetry as well as read it?" asked he.

"I have spoiled a great deal of paper in the attempt, but have never succeeded in pleasing myself."

"Ah! modest! I understand you do write poetry then.—I knew it.—Now, I have a favor to ask, and may as well out with it at once. You are so clever and obliging.

"You must know, that I am infernally smitten with Miss V., a young country-woman of mine, and I think—I *think*—that she likes me. I do not like to run the risk of a refusal, however, until I have more positive encouragement than I have yet received.

"Now, it has occurred to me, that there is nothing very compromising in giving her a serenade, which she may receive in a way to encourage or discourage me, as she pleases. I can sing and play an accompaniment on the guitar very tolerably; but the devil of it is, I don't know what to sing. Can't you write me something very original, very touching and effective? eh? there's a good fellow."

"Why, here's the very thing for you," said Carroll, much amused. "A superb serenade, by Goethe."

"Confound it, man, I can't sing German; and if I could, all the inhabitants of this gossiping place would hear me. What I want is some English verses, original, and not hackneyed. She is too *spirituelle* to be taken by such trash."

"It is easily translated. Wait a moment—a moment—I must have the inspiration of a

cigar." Lighting one, and taking a pen, he hastily scribbled, and read aloud, the following

## TRANSLATION.

" On softest couch reclining,  
Listen while I implore ;  
To the sound of my lute's repining,  
Sleep on ! what will'st thou more ?

To the sound of my lute's repining,  
An army of stars above,  
Proclaim as they are shining,  
The eternal fire of Love.

The eternal fire of Love,  
Has purged this burning breast  
Of every earthly feeling ;  
Sleep on ; thy dreams be blest.

Ah ! every earthly feeling  
Is held by thee in scorn.  
While the cold my life is stealing,  
Thou sleep'st till break of morn.

Though the cold my life is stealing,  
Thou dreamest, while I implore ;  
On softest couch reclining,  
Sleep on ! what will'st thou more ? "

" Charming ! " said Singleton, " that's just the thing. Give it to me, and I am your friend for life. I shall unblushingly dress myself out in these borrowed feathers, and see what comes."

Late in the evening, the penetrating sounds of a guitar, on the opposite side of the *Platz*, told Carroll that Singleton had commenced his amorous siege.

On going to the window, he faintly discerned the outlines of a female form behind the blinds of a window opposite, under which the enamored cavalier was performing with great effect.

When he had finished, the blinds were partially opened, and a muslin handkerchief dropped like a soft cloud of white into the hands of the kneeling musician.

The following morning, Singleton came in high spirits, to inform his friend that he had just returned from Miss V.'s, to whom he had made a proposal, which was—accepted. Here he danced around the room with joy.

“It was a contemptible piece of imposition,” said he, laughing, “to borrow your verses. I shall never tell her who wrote them, or she would admire you as much as I do. Good morning. Don’t peach;” and off he went in an ecstasy of excitement and content.

A week elapsed without any communication from Vienna, in answer to Mr. S.’s application, in favor of the Marquis Amalfi. Carroll



began to be doubtful of the chances of success, and asked his friend what he augured from the delay.

"I am not at all discouraged by the short time which has passed," he answered. "Among other more important matters, my communication would naturally be postponed to a convenient opportunity. The chances of success depend entirely upon Prince Metternich's decision as to the expediency of refusing or granting my request. He will be influenced by his interest alone.

"Although stern and unrelenting in his despotic measures, when he deems it necessary, no man can make a more graceful display of clemency, when it will answer his ends better than severity. A very interesting instance was related to me lately by an Italian nobleman. The Marquis Gina, a Lucchese noble, of large fortunes and great influence, when a young man, was implicated in the Carbonari movements of 1820-21, the object of which was the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, and the establishment of an independent and free nation. The Marquis, who had taken a prominent part, was on a visit to Vienna, where he

was admitted to the highest circles. He was not a little startled, one morning, on receiving a polite note from Metternich, requesting the favor of a call at ten o'clock the next day. It looked like a business affair—and he was anxious all day, and did not sleep during the next night. At the appointed hour he called, punctually, and was ushered into a small cabinet, where the minister was seated at a table covered with letters and papers. The Prince, politely saluting him, requested him to be seated. His manner was so courteous, that the Marquis was soon at his ease, when the Premier, addressing him in French, which he speaks slowly, but with great precision, '*Mon jeune ami,*' said he, '*il y a des choses qui—quoiqu'agitées en secret—sont parfaitement connues.*' He then informed the Marquis that he had a perfect knowledge of the movements of the Carbonari. He explained the details of their plans, and read a list of the names of those who were the leaders of the affair—among which the Marquis had the pleasure of hearing his own. 'My object in sending for you is to caution you, as a friend, against proceeding further in this business, which can end only in the loss of your fortune

and liberty.' A cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the Marquis. He saw the folly of denying the charge, and humbly replied that he was exceedingly grateful for his kind advice, and added that he would prove his gratitude by returning at once to his estates, and using all his influence to dissuade his associates from their perilous undertaking. '*Ne faites pas cela, mon ami,*' replied the Prince. 'Remain in Vienna, frequent our society, observe our institutions and the working of our laws—you will find that, if not perfect, they are established on a basis not easily shaken.' This invitation from the Prince, under the circumstances, amounted to a command. The Marquis remained in Vienna, and went frequently into society, and his adventures ended by his marrying into the family of the Lichtensteins. He is now one of the most conservative supporters of the Metternich dynasty."

A post-boy, wearing the Austrian livery, entered, and presenting to Mr. S. a large package, made a low bow, and retired. Mr. S. eagerly ran over the contents of a letter. At first he looked anxious and disappointed; but his brow soon cleared up, and, with a look of ex-

treme pleasure, he handed Carroll the following:—

“ The undersigned has the honor of acknowledging the receipt of Mr. S.’s favor of the 20th inst. The memorial, or petition, referred to, has been returned to the signers, with leave to withdraw, it being impossible to grant their prayer on the grounds alleged by the petitioners.

“ The undersigned, however, has great pleasure in complying with Mr. S.’s request, and incloses an order to that effect. The Marquis Amalfi has been sufficiently punished for his indiscretion. Wishing him to receive his pardon, as a favor granted to the American representative at the Court of Vienna, the undersigned has inclosed the order to Mr. S., instead of forwarding it, as an official order, to Count Ziechy, the governor of Venice.

“ The undersigned takes this opportunity of renewing the assurance of his most distinguished esteem.

METTERNICH.”

This order was countersigned by a number of names and stamps, so that it looked like a well-*viséd* passport. It contained directions for the immediate release of the Marquis, and the quashing of all proceedings against him.

"How can I express my gratitude?" said the delighted Carroll, grasping his friend's hand.

"By forwarding the document at once to the princess. It is to you that she is indebted for my agency in the matter. I presume," added he, with a significant smile, "that you have no objections to establishing a strong claim on her gratitude."

"I understand your innuendo," said Carroll, slightly coloring; "but, I assure you, she is only a friend—one, however, for whom I have a high regard and esteem."

"Is she very handsome?" asked his friend.

"Judge for yourself," said Carroll, drawing from his pocket a small miniature, which he had ordered to be made by Sasso, the court miniature painter at Florence, from one of the studies which he had himself painted in oil.

"By Jove!" said S., admiringly; "It is lucky that Metternich did not see this—he would have summoned her on to Vienna as a witness, and the Marquis Amalfi's trial would never have ended."

Carroll inclosed the order, in a letter, to the princess, congratulating her on the happy result

of her plans. He gave all the credit of his success to his friend S.'s happy agency, and suggested that a letter of thanks from the Marquis to Mr. S. would be an agreeable return to that gentleman for his kindness.

He then informed her that he should return to Florence by the same route, stopping occasionally for some time, in order to examine and study, at leisure, objects of interest at Parma, Placentia, Milan, and Genoa. "This will deprive me of the pleasure of hearing from you for some time; but I shall write frequently, and rest contented with a belief that you are now perfectly happy."

The next day was devoted to making calls, and taking leave of the many agreeable acquaintances which he had made during his short sojourn at Freywaldau.

"Before you go," said the Marchesa Caraffa, "you should call at the village goldsmith's, and purchase what we call the Order of Graefenberg, like this"—showing a set of miniature implements of the water-cure, wrought in gold. "Here is the *Wanne*, or large tub, the *Sitz-bad*, the straw bathing-slippers, and a drinking-cup. They are very prettily wrought, and suspended

to a ring, which, attached to the watch-chain, forms a very pretty set of *breloques*. Graefenbergers are a band of brothers. Who knows," said she, lowering her tone, "but the time may come when it may be more desirable to be recognized as a Graefenberger than as a freemason."

Carroll smiled, and promised to drop in at the smith's, on his way to the Countess Czechenyi's.

At the Czechenyis' he had the pleasure of meeting the Count, who had just arrived on a visit to his family. He was of the middle stature, of a dark complexion, and striking physiognomy. Carroll fancied himself looking at Daniel Webster through an inverted opera-glass, so strong was his resemblance to the celebrated American statesman.

The Count was in fine health and spirits—a favorite horse of his own raising and training had won the prize at the last Pesth races. It was a small box composed of panels of buhl inserted in a frame of richly-chased gold, and the lid was surmounted by the figure of a horse at full speed, executed in the same metal, and finished with great grace and spirit. The

Countess exhibited it with pride as a gift from her husband—presented to her for a work-box.

As the elegant and vivacious Hungarian sat conversing with a large and heavy Austrian, Carroll was reminded of the difference between the game fowl and the clumsy lord of the dung-hill. He thought, also, that his elegant frankness and easy address resembled those of the Southern gentlemen of his own country, as contrasted with the colder manners of the North.

He took leave of the S.'s with deep regret. He had been so cordially received, and felt so much at home in this charming family, that his eye moistened as he shook hands, and departed.

Six weeks spent both pleasantly and profitably, by Carroll, in easy journeys and short visits to each of the principal cities between Vienna and Genoa, will occupy the imagination of the reader only a few seconds. On the eve of his departure from the last-mentioned city, as he was walking along the Strada Balbi, he was accosted by Count Galuzzi and the Marchesa Caraffa. They had both made a brilliant cure, and intended, in the course of ten days, to leave Genoa for Florence. Carroll saw, with surprise, that the Marchesa, who, at Graefen-



berg, seemed somewhat *passée*, now appeared with cheeks glowing with the health and beauty of youth ; and that the gallantries of the Count savored rather of the *empressement* of a suitor, than the slipshod ease of an accepted lover. He remarked to the Count, " One would suppose that the Marchesa had resorted to the baths of Medea instead of those of Priessnitz. She has left ten years behind her, at Graefenberg."

The Marchesa's grateful smile, on receipt of this compliment, led Carroll to believe that the restoration of her beauty was prized by her, no less than that of her health.

" How do you support the loss of the cure ? " asked he. " I am told that one misses it very much, at first."

" My Italian blood," replied the Count, " is getting accustomed to its native element. At first I thought I was ruined for life. On resuming my usual clothing, I found its weight insupportable. My Parisian hat pinched my brow like the iron helmet of a knight of the sixteenth century. In visiting the gardens of Schönbrunn, I felt as if the rays of a June sun were reflected from the burning sands of an Arabian desert. In the zoological department, I saw a most

touching picture of my sufferings. In the centre of a small pond stood a little green island, on which reposed a huge white polar bear. He was panting, with his tongue hanging out of his open mouth. His head and paws were resting on a large cake of crystal ice, with which he is daily regaled as a souvenir of his own dear native element. He seemed to miss those cooling zephyrs which whistle round the north pole, at a temperature of one hundred degrees below zero. He was evidently in an *Inferno*, expiating, God knows what offence—perhaps nothing worse than having feasted on the flesh of some Arctic explorer on Friday, instead of confining himself to fish, as all good Catholic bears should.

“So, you leave for Florence, to-morrow,” he continued. “At Florence you will find *cose nuove*—a new order of things. The Grand Duke has followed suit after Pio Nono—he has given his subjects a constitution, a representative chamber, and the liberty of the press. It would really seem that the millennium is fast approaching. If nothing occurs to check the progress of the times, I see a very fair prospect of rising to the dignified position of earning my own bread, instead of

living, like a parasite, on the labors of my ancestors. Thanks to a good constitution, and a little Graefenberg training, I can support myself by my hands; for I am sure that my old-fashioned brains would not be up to the exigencies of the day."

Galuzzi's conversation had, at all times, a vein of humorous exaggeration, and Carroll, considering this last remark as one of those *jeux d'esprit*, under cover of which a wit usually prefers to beat a retreat, laughed, and shaking their hands, bid his friends good-bye. He was little aware of the serious apprehensions entertained at that moment, by many gentlemen in Count Galuzzi's position, all over Italy. He had no sooner entered Tuscany, however, than he was struck by the appearances of the *cose nuove*, alluded to by the Count, and the changes which had taken place during his absence of less than three months.

With difficulty he recognized the old inns and *caffès*, from whose signs the names of patron saints had been erased for the substitution of more popular and national titles. The *Caffè al insegna di S. Antonio*, was now the *Caffè d'Italia regenerata*. Liberty-trees, surmounted by large

tri-color flags, were found erected in every public square. If he met a countryman driving a yoke of oxen, their horns were invariably decorated with small tri-color flags, and the driver and Carroll's postilion would exchange cries of "*Viva l' Italia!*"

At Florence, the changes were still more striking. The citizens, formerly noted for their quiet and peaceful ways, were transformed into a set of restless, hot-headed politicians. Four daily newspapers had taken the place of the unpretending "*Gazzetta di Firenze*," and vied with each other in inflaming the minds of their readers, and discussing projects for the regeneration of Italy. A *Guardia Nazionale*, which had been organized, comprising nearly all who were capable of bearing arms, paraded the streets by day; and at night, they were succeeded by torch-light processions, formed of mechanics, apprentices, and the dregs of the people, who marched to the chorus of *Pio Nono*, a stirring national anthem. They would occasionally halt to cheer some citizen or dignitary supposed to be favorable to the popular cause, or groan and hiss those who were opposed to it.

Politicians were divided into two ranks—the Liberals and Tories, or *Codini*, so called from the *codino*, or *queue*, which is supposed to be typical of the old-fashioned veteran, who naturally is an enemy to all innovation.

Stentorello, who knew well how to adapt himself to the times, made a most popular hit at this party.

A part of his costume had always been a red wig, sleekly combed backward, and bound together in a long *codino*, which hung down upon his shoulders in a most comical manner. Night after night he appeared on the stage, with a hatchet in one hand, and a block of wood in the other. Coming up to the foot-lights, he gave the audience a significant grin, and remarked, "*Anch' io mi voglio riformare.*" "It is high time for me to reform." He would then take off his wig, and with one stroke of the hatchet, cut off the queue close to the head. This ingenious little device never failed to bring down the house.

The impulsive and excitable intellect of the Italians did not amuse itself long with the child's play which was intended to divert them. There soon arose an universal cry for the expul-

sion of the Austrian from Italy, as the only means of regeneration. Carlo Alberto had not only declared war against Austria, but had taken the field; public attention was entirely engrossed by rumors of battles, victories, or successful retreats. The *caffès* were swarming with eager inquirers for the latest news. On the arrival of a fresh paper, one of the company, mounting a stool, would read aloud welcome tidings from the seat of war, which were received with loud applause and deafening cheers by the excited auditors.

Taking an early morning's walk, Carroll observed a large crowd eagerly perusing the contents of a royal edict posted upon a wall. Elbowing his way among them, he saw with amazement, that it announced the declaration of a war between Tuscany and Austria, signed by Leopoldo II., himself an Austrian prince, and protected on his throne by Austrian bayonets.

He began by stating that the time had now arrived, when it became the duty of all true Italians to aid in expelling their common enemy from Italy. He therefore invited those of his loving subjects, who were willing to join in the

enterprise, to repair to the *Fortezza a basso*, on the following Wednesday, there to receive their arms, ammunition, ranks, and grades. He ended by assuring his subjects that, in whatever conflicts they might be called upon to engage, their prince would be at their head, exposed to danger in common with them.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Carroll of Otway, who was among the crowd.

Otway shook his head. "I cannot fathom it. There lies underneath some mystery or policy deeper than Machiavelli ever planned or conceived. I put no faith in princes."

It is not our purpose to trace the history or events of this war, excepting so far as they affected the movements and interests of our hero, whose adventures we have undertaken to relate. Subsequent history has shown, that Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, combined with Austria to carry on the semblance of a war, in order to get rid of the turbulent spirits who had now got the upper hand. In each of these three States, large armies of volunteers were formed with the sanction of those treacherous rulers. Five thousand young men, (the flower of Tuscany,) left the fortress with high hopes and generous

hearts. They had not marched twenty miles, when they found that no provisions had been furnished by a well-regulated commissariat, and they were in danger of starving. Hundreds fell back in disgust and rage. And the few Spartans who held on their way to the battle-field, were slaughtered like sheep. Of the five thousand, whom Carroll saw march from Florence, amid the cheers of the citizens, a few hundred only returned, worn down, ragged, and maimed in the thankless and useless service. The fate of the Roman and Neapolitan volunteers was probably the same. Pillage and rapine became necessary to support their existence, and the country was thrown into a state of consternation and terror.

In less than a year's time, Carroll had seen the declaration of a war against Austria, the flight of the Grand Duke from his dominions, the establishment of a Republic under Guerrazzi, and his expulsion and imprisonment by the adherents of the Grand Duke, the defeat and exile of Carlo Alberto, the recapture by Radetzky, of every post of importance in Italy, and lastly, the triumphal entry of Radetzky into Florence at the head of twenty thousand men ;



who reviewed his troops at the Cascine one day, and disarmed the citizens the next.

During the passage of the events which we have condensed, in order to give the reader a connected and succinct idea of them, Carroll met with some adventures which are too characteristic of the times and the country, to be omitted.

A day or two previous to the declaration of war against Austria, he was taking a morning walk, when a young *birrichino*, pointing to the black ribbon which served as a band to his Leghorn straw hat, impertinently called out, "*Abbasso quel nastro nero!*" "Off with that black ribbon." He was strongly inclined to administer to the young blackguard's shoulders, a smart blow with his rattan, but thought it prudent to take no notice of him, and passed on.

"*Abbasso quel nastro nero!*" shouted a pavior, who was working near by, and a large gang of fellow-workmen took up the cry with angry clamor and fierce gesticulations.

Carroll was for a moment lost in amazement at the unaccountable irritation caused by a simple hat-band, which he had worn daily and publicly for a couple of months. Presently it

occurred to him that black and yellow were the Austrian colors ; he remembered that in Austria all custom-houses, *dépôts*, toll-gates, &c. were distinguished as government property, by poles or bars decorated with these two colors. On the evening previously, a mob had torn down the arms of the Austrian minister, and from the boards on which they were painted, a bonfire had been kindled on the Piazza Gran Duca. It was the combination of black and yellow against which the excited workmen were protesting. Deeming "discretion the better part of valor," Carroll, quietly taking off the ribbon, threw it to the breeze, which wafted it away, amid loud cheers from the appeased patriots. It was well that he did so, for, on the same day, a young Englishman, who made some resistance to the like demand, was assaulted, mauled, and maltreated severely.

Seated one evening at Doney's Caffè, (now *Caffè del Popolo*,) he observed a shabby-looking man examining with great apparent interest the order of Graefenberg, which he wore as a *bre-loque* on his watch-guard.

"*Sie sind ein Graefenberger, ich glaube,*" said the stranger, in German, "You are a Graefen-

berger, I believe ; might I say a word or two with you in private ? ”

Carroll rose and followed him into a small room adjoining. Speaking in Italian, “ Have you forgotten Captain Bolera ? ” asked he.

Carroll found at first great difficulty in tracing in the pale and emaciated countenance before him, the sleek and handsome, though somewhat sensual features of Bolera.

“ I have left the Austrian service,” said he, “ to join my countrymen in the good work now going on. I came to Florence in hopes of obtaining rank in the Republican army. I have offered my services to Guerrazzi, but as yet I have received no answer. In the mean time I am literally starving. I have lived on bread and wine only for a week. My last *crazia* was spent this morning, since which time I have tasted no food.

Shocked at a case of such utter destitution, Carroll immediately placed in his hand five Napoleons, and giving him his card, requested him to call on him the next day, when he would gladly give him a check for such sums as would be required to make him comfortable and renew his toilette.

"That blessed order of Graefenberg has saved my life," said the grateful Captain. "I was meditating suicide when it caught my eye, and attracted my attention to you, whom I had not at first recognized."

In the course of a few days, Carroll had the pleasure of seeing him restored to his good looks, and elegantly and fashionably attired.

Shortly afterwards, Bolera called to inform him that he had received the rank and pay of a colonel in the cavalry service, with the use of two horses and a man-servant. He was loud and violent in his denunciations of the indolence and inefficiency of his countrymen, who were so backward in pushing the war against Austria with vigor. "What they need to wake them up," said he, "is a Russian master over them. A few doses of the *knout* alone could cure them of their apathy."

On the day of Guerrazzi's downfall, and the restoration of the Grand Duke's authority, the regiment, commanded by Bolera, was kept all day locked up manœuvring in the Caserma, totally ignorant of the deadly conflict which was going on in the streets. On the entrance of the Austrians into Florence, Carroll, who not

having seen the Captain for several days, presumed that he had absconded, was surprised to meet him in a citizen's dress, apparently quite at his ease, and hand and glove with his former brother officers. "*Was machen Sie hier, Herr Capitan?*" "What are you doing here?" asked one of them of Bolera. "I am serving the Kaiser," replied he, in a low, significant tone. As he passed out of the Caffè, the Archduke Charles was standing conversing with a group of generals and officers of high rank, in front of the door-way, Bolera raised his hat, and the Duke touched the visor of his cap with formal military precision.

Carroll had heard Bolera spoken of as a spy in the Austrian service, and until now had always indignantly rejected the idea. He was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the charge however, when on calling a few days afterwards, to repay the money Carroll had advanced, and to take leave of him;—

"Whither do you go?" asked he. "To Vienna, to resume my rank in the Austrian service."

"How is that possible? Surely the part you have taken against Austria must expose you to great danger there."

"No," said Bolera, with a confused manner. "My father-in-law, who is a long-headed man, has arranged matters, so that I have received leave to return, with a promotion to the rank and pay of a major. A soldier must gain his bread where he can."

Carroll, by the coolness of his adieu, endeavored to show the rascal the low estimation in which he held him.

During the whole of the revolution Carroll had corresponded regularly with the princess, keeping her informed of what was passing around him. He quieted her fears for his safety by assuring her that, being a foreigner, he was subjected to neither danger, annoyance, nor inconvenience. He watched events with intense interest, but kept entirely free from all participation.

On reading an extract from the foreign correspondent of one of the English papers in "Galignani," one morning, he was surprised to see a minute account of the death of Prince Zerlinski as having taken place a month previously. He had fallen by the hand of a Russian General, in a duel, which arose from a quarrel at cards;—the account ended by stat-

ing "that the Prince had left a widow, the accomplished and amiable Princess Sofia, who resides at Venice, and is celebrated as the most beautiful woman of the age."

To any one of merely ordinary sensibilities, there is something shocking in the untimely end of a fellow-creature, however little claim he may have to our affections or sympathies.

When this natural emotion had subsided, Carroll rejoiced to think that a special Providence had interposed to release the princess from a painful and loathsome bondage. At this moment she might be surrounded by a crowd of flattering admirers; was it not possible that among them some favored one might be supplanting him in his absence? On the contrary, although she had not alluded to the event of her husband's death, it was evident to Carroll, on the reperusal of her last three or four letters, that she unconsciously allowed herself to address him with expressions of greater tenderness and affection, than had been her wont previously, during their friendly correspondence. He naturally attributed her silence on the eventful subject, to modesty and delicacy, which instinctively shrank from inform-

ing him of an event which removed the only obstacle to the union he had so earnestly wished for.

We trust that the reader will not be surprised or shocked, when we inform him that in the course of the week he wrote to the princess, saying that the time had arrived when he felt at liberty to renew the declaration of his passion, and to make a formal offer of his hand. He made no direct allusion to the death of the prince, further than was implied by the general tenor of his language.

By return post he received the following answer:—

*"Carissimo mio.*—I will not attempt to disguise the unspeakable joy and content with which your letter has filled me. I have never made a secret of my love for you. And the greatest pleasure of my life has been experienced in the conviction that I was equally beloved by you. Your most guarded looks and language failed to conceal that you were ardently and passionately devoted to me; but the offer of your hand has crowned my happiness, by proving that I have gained your confidence and esteem. I accept the offer, freely and



frankly ;—under your protection and guidance, I will endeavor to acquire a portion of those virtues and accomplishments which your too flattering pen already ascribes to me. How I long to see you and talk over plans for the happy future. I must deny myself this pleasure for a short time, however, and trust that it may be very short. Important business calls me to Vienna immediately. Will you favor me with a letter of introduction to the American Minister, to whom I would express my gratitude for his kind services, which have made my friends the Amalfis perfectly happy?

“I shall write daily as soon as I reach Vienna. This is a poor return for your charming and eloquent letter, which I have read and re-read till I have committed it to heart—but I am interrupted, and must hasten to give you the earliest assurance of the happiness and undying love of       SOFIA.”

Carroll answered the letter, inclosing one to Mr. S. informing him of the relation in which he stood to the lady, and requesting the kind attentions of himself and his amiable wife, towards her. He reminded the

princess of her promise to write daily, and said that, although he should wait impatiently, he would try to beguile the time by dreams of future happiness.

## CHAPTER V.

## VIENNA REVISITED.

IN the course of a fortnight, according to Carroll's calculations, he had reason to expect a letter from the princess, even supposing that she should have postponed writing a day or two after her arrival. Three weeks passed and brought him no news. The princess had promised to write daily, and he began to be alarmed lest serious indisposition, or some unforeseen accident, had prevented her. He felt confident that if she had presented his letter to Mr. S. he would certainly have sent an answer, and his congratulations. After harassing his mind with conjectures and painful images, he resolved to follow her until he should overtake her at some place on the road, for he was convinced that she could not have reached Vienna.

The American Minister at the Court of Turin

happening to be in Florence at the time, he kindly offered to send to Mr. S. a few newspapers, sealed in an envelope, and furnished him with a passport, in which he was put down as Bearer of Dispatches—which title, he said, might facilitate his journey very much.

Carroll found no difficulty in tracing the progress of the princess's journey, which seemed to have been made with great rapidity. All went on smoothly until he arrived at Mon Selice, a small garrison town on the Lombard frontier. On applying to the police for a *visé* to his passport he was referred to the Austrian military commander, whose *visé* was also required. Presenting himself at the Bureau to which he had been directed, he handed his passport, bound in the form of a pocket-book, to an officer who sat writing at a table. He was a stout, plethoric and irritable looking young man, who seemed annoyed by the interruption.

"*Was ist das? Ein Wanderbuch?*" Is that a travelling apprentice's wander-book?" asked he, petulantly tossing it upon the table.

Carroll surveyed him coolly for a moment, and then said—"I was directed to exhibit my passport to you. If you will do your duty,

you will find that I am no travelling apprentice."

The officer colored, and on seeing the magic words *porteur de dépêches*, rose and taking off his cap asked a thousand pardons. He made evident haste to give the requisite *visé*, and respectfully handed the passport to Carroll, who received it as he would a glass of water from a servant, and turning on his heel, left the office.

As it wanted a few minutes to the time when a dinner ordered at a neighboring inn, was to be ready, he strolled up the hill leading to an old dismantled castle on the summit, from which a fine view of the whole plain of Lombardy is visible. Coming to an open iron gate at the foot of a flight of stone steps, he asked of the sentinels stationed there, whether it was allowable for him to pass. They replied "that they did not know." "In that case, since it is not forbidden, with your leave I will pass." They made no objection, and mounting the steps he was soon upon the top of the ruined walls of the old castle, enjoying one of the finest prospects he had ever seen.

On descending the hill he was met by a young sergeant at the head of a file of soldiers, who politely requested him to accompany him to the office again. The Major wished to see him. As Carroll stepped forward, the soldiers formed a line on each side of him, making him aware that he was a prisoner.

"What business had you, sir, on yonder citadel?" asked the Major in a loud and surly tone.

Preferring to speak in Italian, Carroll asked him if he understood that language, and was answered by the monosyllable, "*Ja*."

Carroll then explained, that having a few spare minutes, he had been led by curiosity to examine the old ruin, and to enjoy the landscape view which it afforded.

"Your love of landscape, sir, will, I fear, cost you dear. It has led you to intrude yourself on forbidden ground."

"In that case," replied Carroll, it was surely the duty of your sentinels to have told me so—for I asked the question in direct terms."

"My sentinels, sir, know their duty too well to gossip with meddling strangers. You speak

Italian in a manner which convinces me that it is your mother-tongue. A little while ago, sir, you very impertinently bid me attend to my duty, I shall do it now by arresting you as an Italian spy and emissary."

"But my passport proves" —

"A fig for your passport," interrupted the excited Major, snapping his fingers.

"Very well, sir," said Carroll, seating himself calmly in the chair from which the Major had just risen. "You know best whether the detention of a diplomatic *employé* is likely to meet with the approval of your superior officers. I give you fair warning, that if you detain me, you do it at no small peril."

This remark brought the pig-headed fellow to his senses. After a moment's pause. "All I can do," said he, "is to turn you over to the Colonel. Sergeant! take a file of ten soldiers, and escort this man to the Colonel's quarters. Tell him what you have seen and know, let him decide, I wash my hands of it."

On their way to the Colonel's, the Sergeant (who seemed an intelligent and civil young fellow) bid his prisoner to be under no ap-

prehensions. "I suppose that he would never have thought of arresting you, if you had not justly rebuked the insolence of his manners to a stranger and a gentleman."

"May I depend upon you to express the same opinion to the Colonel?"

"I shall state the facts, without any comments, of course. The Colonel is a gentleman and will draw his own conclusions."

Entering a large ante-room of the Colonel's apartment, the Sergeant placed a chair for Carroll, drew up his men before the door, and then entered a small cabinet, adjoining. After an absence of ten minutes, he returned and said, "The Colonel would be glad to speak with you."

"My dear sir," said the officer, with an intelligent and benevolent smile, "There is but one word to say. The whole thing has been a mistake. I regret the inconvenience and annoyance to which you have been subjected, but when you reflect on the number of Italian propagandists and emissaries who are now fomenting conspiracies, and warring secretly against our institutions, I trust you will see the necessity of extreme watchfulness. The



only apology which I shall offer for the Major's harsh procedure and language is that he is better fitted for the rough services of a soldier than the graceful duties of a civilian. I shall endeavor to substitute a fitter person in his place."

Carroll expressed his thanks for his politeness, and had an interesting conversation on the subject of the present state of affairs. He learned with surprise and concern, that a revolution had broken out simultaneously in most of the German States. The fidelity of the army alone had preserved Austria from a state of total anarchy. "For three weeks," said the Colonel, "the mails have been interrupted, and we have no news but what we get through military messengers."

This information relieved Carroll of a load of anxiety, accounting so satisfactorily for the hitherto unaccountable silence of the princess. The Colonel handed him his passport, and accompanied him to the door of the ante-room, where he politely wished him a pleasant journey.

Carroll posted on his way, until he arrived at Grätz, from which city a railroad runs directly to Vienna. On inquiry, he found that the prin-

cess had taken her place in the cars for Vienna. His mind was now at ease, and he dwelt with pleasure on the idea, that every hour was bringing him nearer and nearer to the presence of his beloved idol. At the distance of about forty miles from Vienna, according to the rate of speed he was now travelling, he fondly counted upon being able, within three hours, to surprise the princess by his unexpected appearance, when the cars came to a sudden halt, and he saw that they were between two companies of soldiers, whose glittering bayonets formed a serried wall on both sides. A sergeant entered the cars, and requesting the ladies to remain seated, ordered the gentlemen to dismount and exhibit their passports to the colonel of the regiment. Following in the wake of the others, Carroll observed that as each one dismounted, he was flanked by a soldier on each side. Thus guarded, they were marched up to the commanding officer, whose manners were exceedingly courteous and elegant. Taking the passports in order as they were presented, he observed to one that he could proceed no further—to another, that he would be allowed to continue on his journey to the next stopping-place,

and *viséd* his passport accordingly. Some were ordered to return to their homes, unless they could show urgent business. Carroll was speculating upon the chances of his being allowed to proceed to Vienna, when in the person of the officer who performed the duties of secretary, he recognized Rittmeister Reyman, whose acquaintance he had made at Graefenberg.

The Rittmeister shook him by the hand, and introduced him to his colonel as a friend.

The colonel, after examining the passport, raised his cap, respectfully, and said, "It will be impossible, *Mein Herr*, for you to enter Vienna at present." Carroll started. "The city is in the hands of the rebels, and Prince Windischgratz, who has besieged it, is at present engaged in beating back the Hungarians, who are attempting to join the insurgents. He has already routed a large force, and doubtless in the course of two or three days, will effect a complete victory. When the Hungarian army shall be dispersed, the city will undoubtedly capitulate without any struggle or bloodshed. This train will go no further than Baden, an agreeable watering-place, at the distance of twenty miles from Vienna. You will there find good lodgings,

and most of your Vienna friends. I will *viser* your passport for Baden. The diplomatic corps is in safety at Pensung, but all access to them at present is impossible."

Carroll bowed his acknowledgments, and returned to his seat in the cars.

The bathing season having passed, the large number of empty lodging-houses at Baden, offered a ready asylum to the wealthy Viennese, who were obliged to fly their homes. It was filled to overflowing, so much so that lodgings were with difficulty obtained. A stranger, unacquainted with the facts, observing the crowds of gay and fashionable idlers thronging the streets, public squares, and *cafés*, would never have imagined how many hearts were throbbing with anxiety for their fortunes or for the safety of friends and relatives from whom they were separated.

Telegraphic dispatches arrived frequently from the seat of war, and were listened to with intense curiosity and interest as they were read aloud by some Stentor selected for the occasion. One came, to the effect, that the Hungarians were repulsed with frightful losses, and loud and prolonged cheers followed the announce-

ment. The next was to the effect, that the rebels were making a most obstinate resistance, and that Windischgratz was now fiercely bombarding the city. Here many a sigh was heard, and many a cheek grew pale. The heart of our anxious lover beat violently for a moment, but was soon quieted by the reflection, that as the diplomatic corps had taken refuge at Pensing, there could be no doubt that the princess made one of the S. family.

Meeting on the public promenade, a young Viennese painter, who had won a golden harvest at Freywaldau in the spring, by his spirited sketches of the cure-guests, Carroll accosted him, and fell into an agreeable and amusing conversation. Speaking of the state of affairs at Vienna, the painter remarked, that his young and pretty wife was there, and asked if she were not exposed to great danger? For a moment, Carroll felt himself in the dilemma of a courtier who was requested by the Prince of Wales to stand up with him to decide which was the tallest. When it was finally decreed that the prince had the advantage of half an inch in height, "What the devil made you keep bobbing up and down so strangely?" asked

some one, when his royal highness was out of hearing.

“ Why, the fact was, that I for a long time didn’t know whether he wanted to be taller or shorter than I.”

Now, in the present instance, Carroll observed that the young husband seemed in very fine spirits, and had just left a gay group of young belles, to whom he had made himself evidently very agreeable. He therefore answered, that he should think her situation one of imminent danger; and this seemed perfectly satisfactory, for his spirits appeared rather to increase than abate during the rest of the walk.

After a week of protracted anxiety and painful suspense, at last came a welcome official dispatch from Prince Windischgratz, stating that the rebels had surrendered, that he had entered the city, and that the foreign ministers were returning to their embassies. The citizens were invited to repair to their homes, and assist in the preservation of law and order.

Carroll gladly accepted an invitation from an English gentleman, whose acquaintance he had lately made, to take a coach together, on their way to Vienna. Mr. Marshall, who had

married an heiress of Vienna, had long been a resident in that city, and gave Carroll much useful and interesting information relating to the late revolution.

As they approached the city, there remained many marks of the deadly conflict which had lately taken place. The roads, which had been lined on each side by large shade-trees, had been barricaded by cutting down every one of those graceful ornaments, so that, by falling across the road, they made the passage of artillery or large bodies of men impossible. An efficient corps of sappers and miners had cleared away this obstruction, and a score of piles of wood, on either side, was all that remained of the growth of a half century.

In the suburbs, the ravages of war were still more apparent. The pavings of the streets had been torn up for the erection of barricades, and the sides of the houses showed that they had been raked by the fire of a powerful artillery—some of them had been burned, and were a heap of smouldering ruins. A large and imposing cemetery, which Carroll remembered to have seen on a previous occasion, presented a sad contrast to its former condition. It was on

a fête-day, which occurred just as he last left Vienna, that, walking by, he was struck by the festal character of the scene. It was a day devoted to the memory of the dead—all the graves and monuments were decorated with elegant candelabra, lamps, and cloth hangings, before which votive offerings, vases of flowers, garlands, and *bouquets* were placed. Crowds of well-dressed men, women, and children were walking about—among them were seen a few aged persons standing with forms bowed down, as if listening to the voice of Mother Earth, calling upon them to come and repose in her bosom, while the merry voices of children gave freshness and cheerfulness to the scene. The cemetery had the air of a gay saloon, in which the living were holding a pleasant communion with the dead.

It was now a heap of ruins—lofty and expensive monuments had been razed to the ground, and from fragments of columns, vases, and statues barricades had been erected, from behind which the rebels had kept up a murderous fire upon the imperial troops. A long line of board-fence, some ten feet high, enclosing a garden opposite to the cemetery, was so com-



pletely riddled by bullets, that its surface resembled that of a cullender or strainer.

On approaching the *Kaiser Thor*, whose massive and elegant proportions had excited Carroll's admiration on his first visit, he found it mutilated and defaced by the galling fire of artillery, which had effected an entrance to the city. Large masses of solid granite had been split off from all exposed corners or mouldings, while the more solid portions showed indentations produced by the shock of the balls, in which the rock crumbled to a white powder, looked like splatterings from huge lumps of confectionery.

On entering the city proper the travellers, with difficulty, recognized the remains of the gay, brilliant, and opulent metropolis, which they had previously known. All places of business, excepting those which supplied the necessities of life, were closed. The streets were occupied by soldiers bivouacking near fires kindled in the centre, over which they were cooking their rations. The foot-ways were filled with stacks of muskets, and the curb-stones covered with bundles of hay, from which horses, in long lines of a thousand at a time, were feeding. Carroll

was struck by the contrast between the life, animation, and spirits of these unconscious animals, and the sullen, dogged, and jaded air of the men who had so lately been engaged in scenes of blood and carnage. Passing by a regiment of Croats, a part of the army under the command of the Baron Jellachich, Carroll was struck by a strong resemblance between this savage race and some of the North American Indians, in whose brutal countenances one looks in vain for a spark of intelligence or human sympathy. Among the atrocities committed by these Croatian bloodhounds, an Austrian officer reports that, after the sacking of a city, he saw one of them draw from the pocket of his coarse gray overcoat a delicate and richly-jewelled female hand, which he had amputated in order to strip it at his leisure. The streets of the Graben had been ploughed by cannon-balls, and the walls and windows of its shops and dwellings grazed and perforated by the fire of musketry and grape-shot. In some instances whole shop-fronts had been blown away, exposing to public view the rich assortment of goods within—protected from pillage only by a file of soldiers, on guard, before them

They passed between two heaps of ruins, in a street which, Marshall informed Carroll, contained the house he left only three weeks ago. "I fear," said he, "it has shared the common fate. No, by Jove, there it stands, the last but one of the block remaining. If you can spare five minutes, I should like to examine the premises."

Drawing from his pocket the house-key, he opened the door, and they found all as quiet and secure as if the family had just left it. They ascended to the first floor, and entered the drawing-room. The parquettèd floor was covered with fragments of a large mirror, whose frame was still visible on a pier between two windows. A cannon-ball had struck the pier from the outside, making a breach through the wall and mirror, and, having expended its force on the opposite partition, had fallen to the floor where it lay.

"This is all I have to show for five hundred *gulden* which I paid for that mirror," said Marshall, pointing to the empty frame.

A brief examination of the other rooms showed that this was the extent of the damage incurred. Marshall congratulated himself

on his good fortune, and they continued their drive. A few minutes brought Carroll to Mr. S.'s house, where, learning that the family was at home, Carroll parted with his companion; with a beating heart, he was ushered into the drawing-room—the scenes of horror and devastation through which he had passed having filled his mind with gloom and apprehension.

He entered a room so darkened by closely-drawn curtains, that, with difficulty, he descried the forms of his friend S. and his wife seated in front of a flickering fire.

He was chilled by the sad solemnity of their first greeting, after which Mrs. S. hastened out of the room, and Carroll eagerly inquired after the princess.

“You have not received my letters, then,” said S.; “I am sorry for it—they would have prepared you for the reception of unpleasant news.”

“What news?” asked Carroll, anxiously.

“Were you aware of the princess's object in visiting Vienna?” asked S., evidently avoiding a direct answer to the inquiry.

“No; she informed me that important business called her here, and I supposed it related

to the settlement of her husband's affairs—he had large estates in Austria.”

“It seems,” said S., speaking slowly, and with great calmness, “that she came for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician; distinguished for his success in treating complaints of the heart. He gave her great encouragement that her symptoms were far from dangerous; but subsequent developments proved that he was mistaken.”

“I hope,” said Carroll, in an agony of terror, “that she is not seriously indisposed.”

S. made no answer, but paced up and down the room, with an uncertain expression.

“Tell me the worst. I can bear it better than this agony of suspense.”

“My poor, dear fellow!” said S., taking his hand, and pressing it warmly.

“Great God! is it possible?” exclaimed the agonized lover, bursting into tears. S. made no remark until the paroxysms of his grief had subsided, when he continued,—

“It is a great consolation to reflect that she suffered no lingering pain. Her death must have been instantaneous. My wife left her in perfect apparent health and spirits, for a few

minutes only; on her return, she was lifeless in her chair."

Carroll was so stunned by the blow, that he could hardly follow the import of his friend's words, as he proceeded,—

"She must have been aware of her danger, for, a day or two only previous to her death, she came into the library, and handed me a package. 'I am aware,' said she, in a perfectly cheerful tone, 'that my hold on life is a very uncertain one. I am, therefore, anxious to make some arrangements while I have it in my power; I have made them, and must request you to keep this package—to be opened only in the event of my death.' I promised to obey her, and rallied her on her hasty preparations for so distant an event. On her death, I opened the package, and found a sealed letter to you, and one addressed to me, in which she requested me to have her body hermetically sealed in a lead coffin, to await your disposal. Here is her letter to you," said he, handing the package, and lighting the gas.

A parting letter from his beloved, the last ever penned by her, seemed to put the mourner in direct communication with her departed

spirit. He broke the seal, and read as follows:—

“*Caro Ernesto*: When this reaches you the heart which is now beating with love and devotion will have ceased to beat forever. My physician bids me to hope; but I see despair written in his face. I have, accordingly, made a final disposition of my affairs. In my will, I have left to the relations of the Prince Zerlinski all the property which I inherited by his decease. I am the last of my line, and wish that my own private property should go to my best and most beloved friend, —. Inclosed, you will find two deeds, both properly and legally attested. One conveys to you my palace at Venice, and the other transfers to you all my stocks, funds, and bank accounts, which, having been executed in my lifetime, will save you the delay and annoyance of any legal processes. Thus, my dear Ernest, I have given thee all. God, in his infinite wisdom, has decreed that we shall never be united on earth; but I rest happy in the belief that we shall be wedded above. I beseech thee, then, dear love, forget me not. If that were possible, I should dread it worse than annihilation. Let me continue to live in your memory.

Think not of me as an inhabitant of the cold grave; but think of me as I appeared to thee in the bright, happy days of our first loves. If the reality of my death is forced upon thee, then imagine me looking down from above, with eyes of tenderness and interest, on all thy works and actions. Above all, never cease to love thine ever loving  
SOFIA."

The tender images, called up by these touching lines, soothed our hero's agonized feelings. He remained silent for a long time, when he suddenly inquired where she had died.

"In my house," said S.; "we insisted on her remaining with us, and her presence filled our home with a perpetual sunshine. Ah, my dear friend, you have lost a treasure, never to be replaced on earth."

"And her remains?" asked Carroll, in a scarcely audible voice.

S. silently pointed to the door of an adjoining room. Carroll rose, and, entering, shuddered to behold a coffin, shrouded by a black pall, occupying the centre of the chamber. He gently closed the door behind him, and found himself alone with all that remained, on earth, of his beloved and idolized Sofia.



## CHAPTER VI.

## CONCLUSION.

THE last scene of a drama usually brings to the footlights all the prominent characters of the play. Availing ourselves of this ingenious and popular contrivance, we shall briefly present to our readers the few personages who have played important parts on our little stage.

Carroll was for a long time deeply affected and dejected by the loss of his beloved Sofia. There seemed to be a void in Nature, and it was long before he could realize that her sweet spirit had fled. He felt it a duty to bow humbly to the will of Providence, and by constant application to his art, his only mistress, he gradually acquired his former serenity and cheerfulness of temper, and his friends found him the same genial and social companion as before. If there are times when he indulges in pensive sadness, they are only in the lone hours of the

night, when, gazing at the stars, he dwells with fond regret on the memory of the beauty, grace, and accomplishments of the amiable Princess Zerlinski.

Otway continues to be the same gentlemanly, kind-hearted, and sincere friend which the reader has invariably found him in the preceding pages. He has been obliged to take larger lodgings on account of the increased size of his collection of curiosities and *objets d'art*. His income is now nearly two thousand pounds *per annum*, owing to the death of a near relation ; but, as he still finds employment in buying bargains, he is usually as hard up at the close of the quarter as he used to be with only eight hundred pounds.

Tina now bears herself with all the stately dignity of Madame Mère at the head of the Bonapartes, probably pluming herself upon being the founder of a noble race of terriers, noted, and in great request, on account of their sagacity, fidelity, and purity of blood. Her canine memory, of course, cannot number her descendants extending to the third or fourth generation, but Otway knows them all, and never passes one in the street without stopping to bestow a caress, and to speak in certain

wheeling tones which invariably win the dog's heart, and secure him as a companion during the rest of his walk. His pockets are always stored with bits of loaf-sugar and biscuit, which he doles out to what he calls the members of his family, and it is not an unusual thing to see him seated on one of the benches at the Cascine, surrounded by a pack of ten or twelve young terriers, all wearing fine collars, and belonging to as many different masters, whom they unhesitatingly desert for a little frolic and conversation with Grandpapa Otway.

The Abate Belotti was spared the pain of seeing his pictures leave him piecemeal, by a sale of the whole collection to an English nobleman, who was so much pleased with them, that he asked for a list of prices. In order to induce him to make a selection of one or two, the Abate put them all down at the lowest prices for which he could think of parting with them. On footing up the amount, and finding it to be a trifle over \$40,000, the purchaser agreed to take them all. The Abate could scarcely contain himself for joy at the idea of having such a fortune. He saw that he was independent for life, and gladly accepted the offer. When the

last picture was delivered, and the money deposited in the Bank, the sight of his bare walls filled his eyes with tears of sadness. "All his pretty chickens had gone at one fell swoop." He lost his appetite, and fell into a melancholy and desponding frame of mind. His house-keeper, who watched him with some anxiety, found him one morning with his head on his hands leaning upon a table. "I fear, Ser Giovanni," said she kindly, "that you take the loss of your pictures too much to heart." "Alas! yes," answered he, "and very ungratefully, for it must be confessed that they brought an immense sum!" So saying, he burst into tears, took to his bed, and died literally of a broken heart, occasioned by the loss of his darling pictures.

Bruce also has departed this life. His last hours were comforted by a Catholic priest, who confessed him, and gave him absolution for his manifold sins, in return for a legacy of ten thousand *scudi*, to be spent in masses for the benefit of his soul. How little comfort he received from the promises of pardon from his holy confessor, may be gathered from his response to that worthy, who, after giving him absolution, re-

marked, "I trust now that you do not fear to meet your Creator?" "Oh, no!" replied he, with a sudden start, "*Non è lui, ma quel altro che io temo.*" The rest of his property went to a distant relation whom he had never seen. His body was interred at Leghorn, where he died, in the last place he would have chosen, in the English burying-ground, where it lies at no great distance from the grave of the witty and ingenious Smollett. As he can no longer enjoy the pleasure of looking at his much-prized Leonardo, let us *hope* that he has "exchanged it for a palace on high."

Spencer, after finishing his "*Vendemmia*," painted several large, pleasing, and agreeable pictures, which gained him great credit, not only in Florence, but in London, where they were exhibited. He has lately inherited a large fortune; has taken to himself an amiable wife, and passes most of his time on his estate in the country near London. He keeps open house and a generous table, around which he is fond of collecting his brother artists as often as possible. Whenever any of the former *habitués* of the "Artists' Corner" at Doney's happen to be present, Spencer amuses them with imaginary con-

versations, supposed to take place in Purgatory between Bruce and some of the old masters. At these conversations, the Father of Lies is supposed to be invisibly present, provided with a pair of red-hot pincers, for the purpose of nipping the incorrigible sinner, on the utterance of every thumper. The frequency of his cries of anguish, the fertility of Spencer's invention, and his inimitable mimicry of Bruce's voice and manner, never fail to keep the table in a continued roar of laughter.

Captain Plum also boasts an addition to his income, to the amount of six hundred pounds a year. This comes to him by the death of his wife, from whom he had separated, and had been obliged to settle this sum upon her. He congratulates himself on this piece of luck very much in the tone in which one would speak of the death of a disabled horse. In spite of his increased income, his purse-strings are kept tighter than ever. He has abandoned his old seat at Doney's, for a rival *caffè*, where they vend coffee cheaper by a *crazia* the cup. Consequently he gets, (as Goldoni says,) "*acqua calda e brodo lungo*."

The gay and volatile Count Galuzzi, seeing

among his friends many instances of virtuous and happy marriages, begins to experience the truth of the proverb, "*Il faut payer les plaisirs menus.*" As the Marchesa grows older and less attractive in her person, she becomes daily more jealous and exacting of his attentions. The chains which were worn so lightly in his youth, have become weighty and galling. The son, in whom are centred all his affections, bears not the name of his father, but of that of his father's bitterest enemy. He had the prudence to foresee the approach of the revolution of 1848, and being unwilling to compromise himself by taking a part on either side, spent his time in travelling in Egypt until the storm had blown over, when he returned to Florence, with a large addition to his fund of sprightly and amusing anecdote. Conversing with Carroll one day on the climate of Egypt, "You can have no idea," said he, "of the power of an Egyptian sun! Any part of the person which is exposed to its rays, is soon burned to the color of a lobster. With a thick woollen *fez* on my head, enveloped in the folds of an enormous turban, I felt as if my brains were cooking in my skull, like an egg in its shell. I was in the

hourly expectation of exhibiting in my own person a specimen of our national dish, the *fritto misto*, composed of fried liver and brains."

"In which case," returned Carroll, "your brains, I am sure, would not require the addition of a *sauce piquante*."

He then congratulated the Count on his good health and spirits. "*Eppure la vita mi noia*," was the melancholy response. "I am often tempted to commit suicide, which God forbid!"

Such is the fate of those who pass their lives in the pursuit of pleasure. The cup is soon drained, and the dregs at the bottom are bitter indeed.

The Count de Poignard has kept very shy of English and Americans. Not being able entirely to forego the pleasures of bullying, he has fought several duels with Austrians and Frenchmen. He turns out not to be invincible, even with his favorite weapon. Having lost an eye, and the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, he consoles himself with card-playing and a free use of brandy and water.

Only one character remains to be disposed of. We shall present him to the reader by means of an extract from a letter written by Otway in London, to Carroll in Venice:—



"On entering the cars of the railway running from Dover to London, I took my seat in the dark at a window, which I opened in hopes to get a little fresh air.

"'Have you any objection to closing that window?' asked a voice next to me.

"'Certainly not, if it incommodes you.'

"'I am very sorry to ask the favor, but I am afraid to expose myself (heated as I am) to a direct draught of night air. I take cold easily, and it always settles in my teeth, which are of a very peculiar formation.'

"'Incorrigible Holland,' cried I, giving him a slap on the back, ostensibly as a friendly greeting, but I brought down my fist with such force, that I nearly knocked the breath out of his body. 'If "the ruling passion is strong in death," your last words will be something about a quadruple tooth, armed with hooked, forked, and bifurcated PRONGS!'"

Our web of mingled truth and fiction is woven. Our little drama is ended.

The curtain falls, and the author listens in anxious suspense to learn whether his attempts to amuse and interest his audience meet with censure or applause.

## NOTE.

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AN artistic temperament, arising from an exquisite sensibility and delicate organization of the nervous system, renders its possessor peculiarly liable to occasional abnormal affections of the senses, especially that of sight.

In the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini there are several curious passages relating to supernatural events and appearances, which have with some discredited the author's veracity. There can be little or no doubt that he firmly believed in the evidence of his senses, which deceived him.

A distinguished painter once related to the author an interesting anecdote of a singular optical delusion, which he had experienced.

"While I was painting in London," said he, "I was at one time particularly interested in the execution of a fancy head, on which I had wrought with great assiduity for a number of days. On retiring to rest at night, I was in the habit of placing my picture on a chair opposite and near to my bed, which enabled me by the light of my candle, to study its effects and plan my next day's work. One night on extinguishing the light, and turning round, to lay my head on the pillow, I was surprised to see it occupied by a strange head. I was aware that I was the subject of an optical delusion, and as the head and face were perfectly life-

like, I examined the coloring and modelling of the features as coolly and carefully as if they had actually been there. The face was a very beautiful one, but bore no resemblance to any person I had ever seen. I was convinced it was an involuntary creation of the brain. I examined it for several minutes, when it suddenly disappeared."

An eminent sculptor related to the author an equally singular occurrence. He had passed several nights in great anxiety, on account of the illness of a young daughter. Having slept soundly for a few hours, he awoke at midnight, and listened attentively to hear if the little invalid who slept in the same room was reposing at ease. The room was perfectly dark. Casting his eyes in the direction of his daughter's bed, he suddenly saw a lovely female form in the air over her head. He said the form and color of the vision were as palpable as any sight he had ever witnessed by daylight. He watched her expression with intense interest, in the firm belief that he beheld a heavenly visitor. She slowly extended her arms in the act of benediction, gave a sweet and cheerful smile and vanished. The father's heart was comforted from that moment, and the subsequent recovery of the child confirmed his previous belief in supernatural interpositions.

Macbeth's soliloquy, in which he addresses the air-drawn dagger, as a "fatal vision, not sensible to feeling as to sight, a false creation of the heat-oppressed brain," proves that the phenomena of which we have been speaking were as well known and observed by Shakespeare as any of the affections or emotions of every-day life, familiar to us all.

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